

T H E
S C O T T S
VOCAL MISCELLANY.

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

S O N G S,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;
MANY OF WHICH NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

Likewise a Variety of Favourite

CATCHES AND GLEES,

W I T H
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers, and persuasive sound.

Conc.

E D I N B U R G H.

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in Town and Country.

M. DCC. LXXX.

*70-92

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

T H E

D U C H E S S of H———N.

M Y L A D Y,

AS Collections of this kind have frequently been corrupted by the insertion of *indecent Compositions*, and by that means have fallen out of repute; in making the following *Selection*, I have paid every degree of attention in my power to render it worthy of the *Patronage* of the most delicate and feeling heart.

WILLING to shelter it under the wings of one, whose judgement and taste are known to the world, it was impossible for me to lay this COLLECTION at the feet of any other than
your

DEDICATION.

your LADYSHIP,---whose *Protection*
will not only encourage, but highly
oblige,

MY LADY,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Most obedient humble servant,

JAMES ROCH.

Alexander Bannerman

T H E

Scots Vocal Miscellany.

Scots Vocal Miscellany

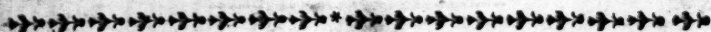
Sung in the Gentle Shepherd.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.



JOCKEY.

MY laddie is gane far awa o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain;
 Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay;
 There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their lassies are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't, without envy, their merriment see.
 Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain;
 I with my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 And love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste:
 Then farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I;
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

Magie's

Maggie's Tocher.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckled us a' the gither;
 And Magie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her.
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting-shot;
 And syne came ben the lass,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speir'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither,
 An ye wad gi'es a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi'e ye her by the hand;
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fai',
 Or I part wi' my land;
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall haa its mak',
 The lass bound in her snood,
 And crummie wha kens her staik;
 Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' fleas,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land;
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gaun the gither,
 A house is but and ben,
 And crummie will want her fother.

The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither!
 We've nouthier pot nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye needna fear,
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,
 And ye yoursel' maun steer;
 Ye fall hae twa good pocks,
 That ance were o' the tweel,
 The ane to had the groats,
 The ither to had the meal;
 Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
 The saddle's nane o' my ain,
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,
 And when that I gae hame
 I maun tak' to my coots;
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look sae crouse;
 Come, fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
 For telling me sae plain,
 I married whan little I had
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But since that things are sae,
 The bride she maun come forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae
 'Twill be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither ;
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.

The bride she gade to her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

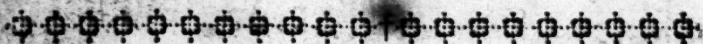


Deil tak the Wars.

DEIL tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn ;
 They made him captain sure to undo me ;
 Woe's me, he'll ne'er return.
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run.
 Day and night I did invite him
 To stay at home from sword and gun.
 I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall ;
 And had he my soft arms,
 Prefer'd to wars alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to mak' me look provoking ;
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again ;
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which, with golden flow'rs did shine.
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I sported,
Fringe too with thread I knotted;
Face shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To Billy these are nought,
Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
When hé, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.



To the Tune of, Lumps of Pudding.

HOLLO! keep it up, boys, and puff round the
glass,
Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his last:
Away with dull thinking—'tis madness to think—
And let those be sober who have nothing to drink.
Tout de ral, &c.

Silence, that vile clock, with its iron-tongu'd bell,
Of the hour that's departed still ringing the knell :
But what is't to us that the hours fly away ?
Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Hozza ! boys, let each take a bumper in hand,
And stand—if there's any one able to stand.
How all things dance round me!—'tis life, though
my boys :
Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys !

My head ! oh, my head !—but no matter. 'tis life ;
Far better than mopping at home with one's wife :
The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be grand,
When I'm neither able to think, speak, nor stand.

The

The blythsome Bridal.

F *Y let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be tilting there,
 For Jock's to be marry'd to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair,
 And there will be lang-kail and porridge,
 And bannocks of barley-meal,
 And there will be good sa't herring
 To relish a cogue of good ale.*

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sawney the fouter,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou :
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
 With thumbless Katie's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-checked Dobie,
 And Lawrie, the laird of the land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fowlbber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' th' mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
 That wons in the how o' the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibby,
 Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
 With sniv'ling Lilly and Tibby,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenny,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe :

And there will be glee'd Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh wi' the lily white leg.
 Who gade to the South for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in monsmeg.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Maclaurie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flea logged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,
 And fairy-fac'd Florie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippet Girfy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibby,
 Wi' his glaiket wife Jenny Bell,
 And measly-shin'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel',
 There lads, and lasses in pearlins,
 Will feast i' the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
 With fouth of good gabbock of skate,
 Powfowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
 And there will be partens and buckies,
 And whytens and spaldings enew,
 And singit sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And leadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbucks,
 And fowens, and farles, and baps,
 With fwats, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :

And

And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 And skink to sup till ye rive ;
 And roasts to roast on a brander
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangles,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Fy let us, &c.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Composed by a Clergyman at Aberdeen.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
 And rozet weel your fiddle-sticks ;
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 Frae out your quorum,
 Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
 Gie's *Tullochgorum*.

R. FERGUSON.

COME, gie's a sang, the Lady cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for fòlks to chide
 For what's been done before them ?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To drop their whigmegmorum :
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
 The reel of *Tullochgorum*.

Tullochgorum

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite

In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a'

To make a chearfu' quorum:
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang's we hae breath to draw,
And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o'em:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum:

They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cels;
And silly souls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and silky sit,

Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit?
And each rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him !
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty ;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'em !
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance
 And honest souls abhor him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

GALLOWSHIELS.

AH the poor shepherd's mournful fate !
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish !
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes
 Reveals how much I love her :

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak,
 A thousand various wishes.
 For oh ! that form so heavenly fair.
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling ;
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee ;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.



The Miller of Dee.

T H E R E was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river of Dee ;
 He wrought and sang from morn to night,
 No lark more blith than he :
 And this the burden of his sang
 For ever us'd to be,
 " I care for nobody, no, not I,
 " Since no body cares for me."

I live by my mill, God blifs her,
 She's kindred, child, and wife,
 I would not change my station
 For any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
 Ever had a groat from me :
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If no body cares for me.

When

When spring begins his merry career,
 O how his heart grows gay;
 No summer's drought alarms his fears,
 Nor winter's sad decay;
 No foresight mar's the miller's joy,
 Who's wont to sing and fay,
 Let others toil from year to year,
 I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing.
 This song shall pass from me to thee
 Along this joyful ring;
 Let heart and voice, and all agree
 To fay, Long live the King.

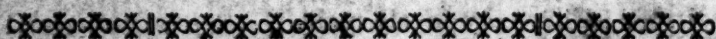
THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me:
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place,
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.



Jockey to the Fair.

T WAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
 When Nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
 And gild the meadows fair;
 Young Jockey, early in the morn,
 Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;

His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run.

With Jockey to the Fair ;

For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,

Which shepherds us'd to wear ;

He tapt the window, Haste, my dear ;

Jenny, impatient, cry'd, Who's there ?

'Tis I, my love, and no one near,

Step gently down, you've nought to fear,

With Jockey to the Fair ;

Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep ;
And will you still your promise keep

Which I have heard you swear ;

And will you ever constant prove ;

I will by all the Powers above,

And ne'er deceive my charming dove,

Dispel those doubts, and haste my love

With Jockey to the Fair ;

Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,

Will Jenny be my charming bride ;

Let Cupid be our happy guide,

And Hymen meet us there :

Then Jockey did his vows renew,

He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true ;

His word was pledg'd, away she flew,

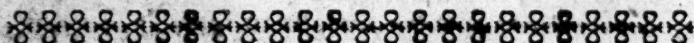
With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,

With Jockey to the Fair ;

With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
 Their gay companions blyth and young,
 Each join the dance, each join the throng,
 To hail the happy pair ;
 In turns there's none so fond as they,
 They bless the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny run away
 With Jockey to the Fair;

When lovely Jenny, &c.



Kate of Aberdeen.

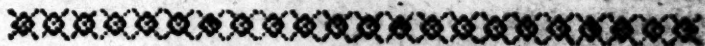
THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been;
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.

At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green :
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning break,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
 Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen,
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen !



The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tunefu' birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay ;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in fast raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more ;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and larkwhites sing,
 The rocks around wi' echoes ring,

The mavis and the blackbird vye
 In tunefu' strains to glad the day;
 The woods now wear their summer-suits,
 To mirth a' nature now invites;
 Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hiles and vales around
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And a' the reptile kind rejoice;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
 Loudly my love to gladness ca';
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance;
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.



The Surprising Old Man.

Tune, A cobbler there was, &c.

THERE once was a man, you may think it un-
 common,

But, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
 And, though it's scarce credible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Derry down, down, hey derry down,

Whene'er

Whene'er he was hungry he call'd for some meat,
And when he cou'd get it you're sure he wou'd eat:
When thirsty he'd drink if you'd give him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

His face was the queerest that ever was seen,
For, if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd most of his teeth when he laugh'd or did grin,
For his mouth stood just cross 'twixt his nose and his chin.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd,
But his gait was so odd had you'd seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or other wou'd always be first.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He seldom or never could see without light,
Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night;
But he fell fast asleep as he lay in his bed,
Yet has oft been awake in the morning 'tis said.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When this comical chap had a river to pass,
If he could not get over he staid where he was;
And tho' he did seldom e'er quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Among other strange things which beset this good yeoman,
He was married, poor soul!—And his wife was a woman;
But, 'tho' she was loving, complacent, and mild,
Yet so hard was his fate he was never with child.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Thro' the wood, Laddie,

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn !

Thy presence cou'd ease me,

When naething can please me :

Thy presence cou'd ease, &c.

Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,

Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Thro' the wood, laddie, thro' the wood, laddie,

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

Thro' the wood, laddie ;

Now dowie I sigh, &c.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,

While lav' rocks are singing,

And primroses springing ;

Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,

When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

Thro' the wood, &c.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith ev'ning and morning :

Their jeering gae aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Thro' the wood, &c.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in languor till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

Thro' the wood, &c.

Thro'

Thro' the wood Lassie.

O NELLY ! no longer thy Sandy now mourn,
 Let music and pleasure,
 Abound, without measure,
 Let music and pleasure, &c.

O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
 Or, thro' the wood, lassie, until thou return,

Thro' the wood, lassie, thro' the wood, lassie,

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

Thro' the wood, lassie ;

O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,

No content, no delight,

Have I known day or night,

The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell,

How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad knell,

Thro' the wood, &c.

And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,

And, with joy, like a dove,

I'll return to my love :

The maxim of loving in truth let us know,

Then thro' the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go,

Thro' the wood, &c.

Come lads, and come lasses, be blithsome and gay,

Let your hearts merry be,

And both full of glee :

The Highlands shall ring with the joy of the day,

When thro' the wood, happy, we'll dance, sing and
 play.

Thro' the wood, &c.

The

The Gawkie.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there;
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care;
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care;
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,
 Wi' muckle gladness in his face,
 Out o'er the muir to Maggie.
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggie took them ne'er amiss;
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
 Who'd not ca' her a gawkie?
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
 She'll gie a score without offence:
 Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
 But I will never stand for ane
 Or twa, when we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah na, lass, that can ne'er be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whiff't, nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg he kiss'd fae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown's fae new,
 I think you've got it wat wi' dew,
 Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and su' ill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae you may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,
 Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
 As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.



Jamie Gay.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way,
 Along the river Tweed,
 A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the mead.
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid:

Dear

Dear lassie tell, why by thyself
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cried, are straying wide,
 Canst tell me, laddie, where?
 To town I'll hie, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see,
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
 Right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around?
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour;
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she fought,
 And he to gang to town.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him,
 In the niest burrows town.
 But, O! indeed, it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We fat fae late, and drank fae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tear blinds ay her ee,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er ae word she spake,
 But mony a sad and foun look,
 And ay her head she'd shake;
 My dear, quoth I, What aileth thee,
 To look fae sour on me?
 I'll never do the like again
 If ye'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck,
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
 That's never tak the gee.

Sung in Harlequin's Invasion.

COME chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year:
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;

We always are ready,

Steady boys, steady,

We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.

We

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to slay;
 They never see us but they wish us away;
 If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they wont fight us, what can we do more?

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
 sweat,
 In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The Highland March.

By Sir Harry Erskine.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
*Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws,
 That like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's
 cause;*
*We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter
 our laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race,
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
 As the full moon in Autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce in-
 crease ;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
 prove kind.

*Then well defend our liberty, our country, and our
 laws,*

*And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's
 cause,*

*That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and
 applause,*

May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

OH!

OH! send me Lewis-Gordon hame,
And the lad I dare not name;
Altho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.

*Hech hey! my Highlandman,
My handsome-charming Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.*

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and high-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
And that's the lad that I'll go wi'.

Hech hey, &c.

This lovely lad I now do sing,
Is fitted for to be a king:
For on his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.

Hech hey, &c.

Oh! to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne;
Our griefs wou'd then a' disappear,
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee-year.

Hech hey, &c.

To the tune of, GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant-beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest :
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new-flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part :
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a beauty, she.

Hay's bonny Lassie.

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! man I still live pining
Myself thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover !

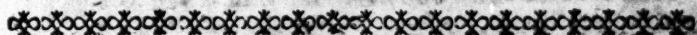
Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger ;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer ;
Then I'll tak' a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing bidding day a goodmorrow ;
The

The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers sinell the sweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded,
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.



Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew so rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd though it was foggy:
I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see-a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear,
In a country maid so neatly:
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee:
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee.

Thy handsome air and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughing time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th'imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations :
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
 Might I carass and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy :
 Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

Tak your old Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill.

Then

Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
 It is so bare and overworn,
 A cricket thereon cannot rin:
 Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
 For ance I'll new apparel'd be,
 To morrow I'll to town and spend,
 For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she shoud' tye;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the list sae hie:
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I hae worn't this threty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

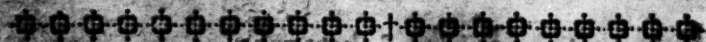
In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost him ha'f a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;

He was the King that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit harklen in the afe ?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis threty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we hae had between us twa,
 O' lads and bonny lasses ten :
 Now, they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife ;
 But she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.



Wat ye wha I met yestreen ?

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo ?
 My mistress in her tarran screen,
 Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.

My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill;
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a wa'k up to the hill.

O Katty wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gawn to smile:
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day,
 Bends up his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow:
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, soft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

Katty's Answer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave to look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my tocher;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wyte ye'r poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of siller and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear,
 And sae we had need to be tenty.
 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion,
 Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



Corn Rigs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.

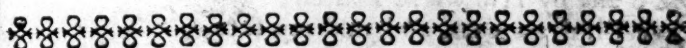
His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his wa'king;
 The faining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaftefully should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn rigs are bonny.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonny lasses,
 They biggi'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And cheeked it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning;
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, red up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances.

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is,
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you tway,
 Ye are sic bonny 'lasses ;
 Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're flentied ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.



The Charms of Lovely Peggy.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell ;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.
 Yet greater bards the lyre should hit ;
 For pray what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sacred wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun just rising in the morn,
 That paints the new bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when in Thetis lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'll feed,
 And pipe upon my oaken reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All pleases while she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zeyphr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 They do not half the sweets disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 I stole a kiss th' other day,
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,
 Sae lang shall I love Peggy.
 And when Death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

Ew-Boughts Marion,

WILL ye go to the ew-boughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.
 O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her ee;
 And fain would I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufe-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
 At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Ernslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape and glowr with their ee,
 At kirk, when they see my Marion,
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ews, my Marion,
 A cow and brawny quey,
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day ;
 And ye's get a greenscy apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dance like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll een draw up wi' Jean.
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramassie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate !
 But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then

Then dare to be gen'rous, dauntless and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.



Down the Burn Davie, love.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee :
 Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move :
 To speak her mind thus free :
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And soon I'll follow thee ;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll soon follow thee.

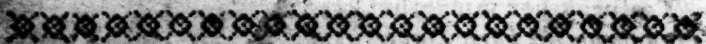
Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn-side ;
 And Mary was the boniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and troth,
 And a bonny bride he made her :
 No more aham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free,
*Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 Down : ' burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 And I'll soon follow thee :
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 And I'll soon follow thee.*



Willie's drown'd in Yarrow.

WILLIE's rare, and Willie's fair,
 And Willie's wondrous bony,
 And Willie hecht to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live lang winter night
 I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side ?
 Pu'd you the rose or lily ?
 Or came you by yon meadow-green ?
 Or saw ye my sweet Willie ?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow ;
 Sync in the cleaving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

The Maid in Bedlam.

Tune, GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
Spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly
thus sang she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to
sea;
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love from
me;
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've
ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me
to the skies,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love
to fly,
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eggshells;
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from
sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast;
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh!

Oh! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I my love
 might spy;
 But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall
 see,
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.



CHORDS.

O! The days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd at Fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love all the day long,
 And with Nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father, Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth cou'd bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O! the days, &c.

Truth they say lives in a well,
 Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd see;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me.

O! the days, &c.

But, when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found
 At the bottom of each glass.

O! the days, &c.

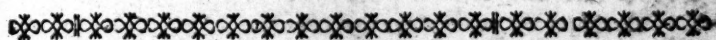
True, at length my wig has flown,
 I have years to bring me down;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey.

O! the days, &c.

Yet

Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire ;
Still beneath thy age's frost,
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O! the days, &c.



Plato's advice.

SAYS PLATO, Why should man be vain !
Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair ;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor through the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train :
When shot—'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again,
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls—
Let friendship reign, while here we stay :
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls ;
When Jove commands we must obey.

HE that will not merry merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post;
*Let him be merry merry there,
 And we'll be merry merry here;
 For who can know, where we shall go
 To be merry another year?*

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he b'oblig'd to drink small beer,
 Ne'er a penny into his purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.
Let him be merry, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The Passon.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass,
 Who at cares of this world wou'd repine;
 'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispel fortune's frown,
 That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the vine.
'Tis

'Tis this in all sects the true int'rest protects,
 And enlivens the lump of our clay ;
 The parsons looks teach, tho' against it they preach,
 Then believe them, believe them, who pleases, I say.

'Tis not long ago, that a vicar I know,
 Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,
 Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many a good soul,
 Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong, went
 the bell :

Then, having a hic—cup, took the chair with a
 kick—up.

I must go, else the church will complain ;
 But, friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my
 priesthood,
 I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you again.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
 With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest ;

To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a dose,
 And cries, Excellent, excellent wine, I protest.

The whole congregation, in strange consternation,
 Left the church, with a sigh at the cause :

But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir they're all out ;
 Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again, my brave boys.

In law, 'twas design'd, Justice still should be blind ;
 Yet she'll squint if self-int'rest do call ;

And I'm certain I cou'd, o'er a hog'shead that's good,
 Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and all.

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,
 Old Noah could tipple, they say ;

And we gather from hence, all mortals of sense,
 Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah : Huzza !

The forsaken Nymph.

GUARDIAN angels! now protect me,
 Send, ah! send the youth I love;
 Deign, O! Cupid, to direct me,
 Lead me to the myrtle-grove:
 Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
 Say, I love him to despair;
 Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
 For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
 Silent as the shades of night,
 Near some bubbling rill's meander,
 Where he oft has blest my sight:
 There to weep the night away,
 There to waste in sighs the day;
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
 And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
 Deep in some sequester'd vale;
 There, with mourning cadence swelling,
 Oft' repeat my love-sick tale:
 And the lark and philomel
 Oft' shall hear a virgin tell,
 What's the pain to bid adieu
 To joy, to happiness, and you!

To the tune of the foregoing.

HOPELESS still, in silent anguish,
 Far from her whom I adore;
 Must I ever love and languish,
 Doom'd to view her face no more!

Must

Must I fly to scenes of woe?
 Must I ev'ry bliss forego?
 Why should fate so cruel prove,
 Alas! that ever I did love.

Vain my purpose to forget her,
 Fancy gives her to my eyes:
 See! ten thousand charms beset her:
 See! her-dear idea rise;
 See! fair maid, my dying bloom;
 See! a tender youth consume;
 Sad, for ever, let me stray,
 To mourn and sigh my life away.

Far from human crowds retiring,
 Stranger to the voice of fame,
 In some lonesome vale expiring,
 Of a constant—hapless flame;
 There, when worthless life is o'er,
 And the cares of love no more,
 Weeping nymphs my grave shall see,
 And passing lovers pity me.

~~~~~

Come awa' wi' me Jenny,

O COME awa', come awa',  
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny;  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane  
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That aught shall alter me, Jenny;  
 For you're the mistress o' my mind,  
 Whate'er you think o' me, Jenny.



First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,  
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny ;  
 But now, alas ! you act a part  
 That speaks unconstancy, Jenny :  
 Unconstancy is sic a vice,  
 'Tis not besitting thee, Jenny ;  
 It suits not wi' your virtue nice  
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Her answer.

Had awa' frae me, Donald.

**O** H A D awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;  
 Your heart is made o'er large for aye,  
 It is not meet for me, Donald.  
 Some fickle mistress you may find,  
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald.  
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,  
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,  
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald.  
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,  
 I hate all levity, Donald ;  
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend  
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald ;  
 For words of falsehood ill defend  
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,  
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald.  
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,  
 Made me believe you true, Donald.

Ilk' virtue then seem'd to adorn  
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald ;  
 But now the mask's fall'n aff, I scorn  
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald.  
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,  
 And come nae mair to me, Donald.  
 For I'll reserve mysel' for ane,  
 For ane that's liker me, Donald.  
 If sic a ane I canna find,  
 I'll ne'er loo' man, nor thee, Donald.

*Donald.*

Then I'm thy man, and false report  
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny ;  
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

*Jenny.*

When this ye prove, and still can love,  
 Then come awa' to me, Donald.  
 I'm weel content, ne'er to repent  
 That I hae smil'd on thee, Donald.

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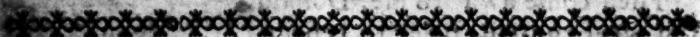
Sung in the Burletta of Midas.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,  
 At your feet a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish,  
 One kind look would ease his pain.  
 Did you know the lad that courts you,  
 He not long needs sue in vain ;  
 Prince of song, of dance, and sports—you  
 Scarce will meet the like again.

To the tune of the foregoing.

**L**OVELY Damon, when thou'rt near me,  
Straight my vital spirits fly !  
Nothing but thy smiles can cheer me,  
Turn, O ! turn thy killing eye ;  
Hide, O ! hide, those blooming graces  
That thy lovely face adorn :  
Who could shun thy sweet embraces  
When thou art blushing like the morn.

Lovely Damon, do not teize me  
With a sight I cannot bear ;  
Dearest Damon, if you'd ease me,  
Never on the plain appear ;  
Desist, dear youth, nor strive to gain  
A heart, which is not mine to give :  
Cease, O ! cease, to give such pain,  
Shun my sight, and let me live.



Sung in Love in a village.

**S**TILL in hopes to get the better  
Of my stubborn flame I try,  
Swear this moment to forget her,  
And the next my oath deny.  
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,  
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;  
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,  
And confess myself her slave.

CON

**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;  
 What can this vain world more afford,  
 Than a wife to my mind, that prefers none to me,  
 And contentment, though small be my store,  
 My brave boys?  
 And contentment, though small be my store.

In the morning I rise, and then toil all the day,  
 And hath happiness still in my view;  
 I'll never forsake it 'till I overtake it,  
 So eagerly I will it pursue,  
 My brave boys, &c.

When the evening does come, content I sit down;  
 Nor e'er do I wish for to roam;  
 For, Hymen and Love have firmly decreed,  
 That true pleasure's found always at home,  
 My brave boys, &c.

Then, ye wand'ers I attend, give o'er your pursuits;  
 They'll ever prove false, you will find;  
 Seek pleasure at home, and your wife, if she's wise,  
 Will alway be loving and kind,  
 My brave boys, &c.



*The*

The Matron's Wish.

**W**HEN my locks are grown hoary,  
 And my visage looks pale:  
 When my forehead has wrinkles,  
 And my eye-sight does fail:



Let my words and my actions

Be free from all harm,

And may I have my old husband

To keep my back warm.

*The pleasures of youth*

*Are flowers but of May :*

*Our life's but a vapour,*

*Our body's but clay :*

*O let me live well,*

*Tho' I live but a day.*

With a sermon on Sunday,

And a Bible of good print :

With a pot on the fire,

And good viands in't ;

With ale, beer, and brandy,

Both winter and summer,

To drink to my gossip,

And be pledg'd by my cummer,

*The pleasures of, &c.*

With pigs and with poultry,

And some money in store,

To purchase what's needful,

And to give to the poor ;

With a bottle of Canary

To sip without sin,

And to comfort my daughter

Whene'er she lyes in.

*The pleasures of, &c.*

With a bed soft and easy

To rest on at night,

With a maid in the morning

To rise with the light,

To do her work neatly,

And obey my desire,

To make the house clean,

And blow up the fire.

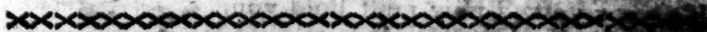
*The pleasures of, &c.*

With

With health and content;  
 And a good easy chair;  
 With a thick hood and mantle,  
 When I ride on my mare.  
 Let me dwell near my cupboard,  
 And far from my foes,  
 With a pair of glass eyes  
 To clap on my nose,

*The pleasures of, &c.*

And when I am dead,  
 With a sigh let them say,  
 Our honest old cummer's  
 Now laid in the clay;  
 When young, she was cheerful,  
 No scold, nor no whore;  
 She assisted her neighbours,  
 And gave to the poor,  
*Tho' the flower of her youth*  
*In her age did decay,*  
*Tho' her life, like a vapour,*  
*Evanish'd away,*  
*She liv'd well and happy*  
*Unto her last day.*



*By a young Gentleman. — Tune, Langolea.*

**M**ISS Betty's a girl of very good nature,  
 Her complexion fair, most delightful to see;  
 Her air's not affected, she's reg'lar each feature,  
 Which makes me the sonder to sing her to thee.  
 Hold on my sweet muse, without repining,  
 And sing up her praises without ever whining;  
 And fix on her mind to be always inclining  
 To look on her shepherd with mirth and with glee.

*Fin*

Her beauty with all perfection in measure,  
 Does form a Dians most pleasing to see;  
 Her eyes they are bright, and in colour azure,  
 And she is the pride of all that her see:  
 Her mind it is past all human painting,  
 For pen or pencil they are both fainting;  
 So it is nonsense for you to be minting  
 To sing her praises, so charming is she.

Last night when I saw her, she was passing from me,  
 But I would not let her go that way so free:  
 I stept up unto her, and asked her favour,  
 She granted, and made me as happy's could be:  
 When she spake, O! I was ravish'd,  
 And she told me myself not to slavish:  
 I said unto her, I would always lavish  
 Her praises in town as well as country.

~~~~~

Gallant Sailor.

GALLANT failor, oft' you told me
 That you'd never leave your love;
 To your vows I now must hold you,
 Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded?
 Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
 Can a sailor live upbraided,
 When the French have dar'd to meet?

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me,
 While your country has a foe,
 He is mine too; be not near me,
 I may weep, but you must go.

Tho' this flow'ry season wooes you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Britain's sons can never fail her,
While her daughters prove so true;
Your soft courage fires each sailor;
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow, ye winds! auspicious blow;
Ev'ry gale shall most delight us
That shall waft us to your foe.

The Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie!
*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, and give reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without crews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The bravest bean in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.



The Highland Lassie.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco fawey;
 Sae prond, they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Then

Than ony lass in burrow's-town,
 What mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd tak' my Katty but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie;
 Happy and blyth, as ane wad wish,
 My slichteren heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stee,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

O my bonny, &c.

~~~~~

Love is the cause of my mourning.

**B**Y a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,  
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,  
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,  
*And that love is the cause of my mourning.*

*Falso*

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,  
 You deceive, me for Strephon's cold heart never warms;  
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,  
*Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.*

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades below,  
 Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so;  
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,  
*That love was the cause of my mourning.*

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by;  
 He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh:  
 But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns! did he cry,  
*Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.*

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art.  
 They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas your eyes shot the dart,  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,  
*And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.*

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he said;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid down to the silent shade.  
 Then on her cold snowy breast, leaning his head,  
*Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.*

**Y**OUNG Strephon I own, is the joy of my heart;  
 I love the dear youth, he's so lively and smart:  
 His converse is pleasing, he's manly and gay,  
 And his breath is as sweet as the flowers in May.  
 When he sings his love-strains, all the swains in a  
 throng,

In raptures are seen with my shepherd's soft song,  
 While the nymphs all around me with envy survey,  
 Because Strephon hails me the Queen of the May.

But love without jealousy reigns on my part,  
 For, as well as the May, I'm the queen of his heart ;  
 Such joy and delight does his constancy bring,  
 Without envy I'd look on the state of a king.  
 T'other day for my head he a chaplet entwin'd,  
 Of roses and myrtles, and jonquils combin'd ;  
 I gave him a kiss for the favour, 'tis true,  
 And how could I help it—I only ask you ?

You'll say I was forward, and greatly to blame,  
 What girl, for such favour, would not do the same ?  
 For 'twill not be long before Strephon and I  
 Shall join hands and hearts in one sacred tie.  
 Then, sure, when the church has performed its rites,  
 And we firmly fixed in Hymen's delights,  
 For his faith and his troth, to bind all our bliss,  
 You'll surely allow—'tis my duty to kiss.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

### The Rock and wee pickle Tow.

**T**HERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't,  
 But louten her down, her rock took a low,  
 And that was an ill beginning o't ;  
 She lap and she grat, she flet and she sang,  
 She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,  
 She choaked, she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,  
 That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore of years,  
 And never did try the spinning o't ;  
 But how I was farked foul sa' them that speirs,  
 For it minds me o' the beginning o't.



The women now a-days are turned fae bra',  
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa,  
 But the warld was better whan feint ane ava,  
 But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin,  
 For it minds me o' the beginning o't;  
 I might well have ended as I had begun,  
 And never had try'd the spinning o't:  
 But they say she's a wife wife wha kens her ain weird,  
 I thought ance a day it wad never be speir'd,  
 How loot you the low tak' the rock by the beard,  
 Whan you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,  
 Whan I think on the beginning o't;  
 I thought ance in a day to have made a wab,  
 And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't;  
 But had I nine doughters, as I hae but three,  
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,  
 That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,  
 For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run,  
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,  
 Let them seek out a loun place at the heat o' the sun,  
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:  
 For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,  
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,  
 They'd say, that I had little wit in my pow,  
 And as little I've done with the spinning o't.

\*\*\*\*\*

**T**HE sun from the east rips the mountains with gold,  
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;  
 The lark's early mottin proclaims the new day,  
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay:

*With*

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can  
vie,

*While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow, follow, follow the hounds in full cry.*

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court;  
No care, nor ambition, nor patience annoy,  
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

*With the Sports, &c.*

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;  
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,  
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame ;  
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;  
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,  
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

*With the sports, &c.*

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,  
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;  
With hounds, and with horns, thro' the woodlands  
to roam,  
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

*With the sports, &c.*



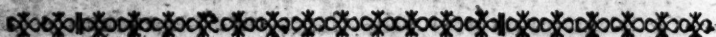
## The Judicious Fair.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,  
And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;  
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,  
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune.

All this has been told me by twenty before,  
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,  
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I;  
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,  
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring;  
For charms, such as these, then your praises give o'er,  
To love me for life you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape, or an air,  
For Chloe, the wanton, can rival me there;  
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,  
And brightens good-humour, as sun-shine the day;  
For that, if you love me, your flame shall be true,  
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love you.



By D. A. WEBSTER.

O H ! how cou'd I venture to love one like thee,  
And you not despise a poor conquest like me ?  
On lords thy admirers cou'd look wi' disdain,  
And knew I was naething, yet pity'd my pain ?  
You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense and  
dress,  
When real the passion, the vanity's less ;  
You saw thro' that silence which others despise,  
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my  
eyes.

O ! how shall I fault thee, and kiss a' thy charms,  
'Till fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms ;  
'Thro' a' the wild transports of ecstasy tost,  
'Till sinking together, together we're lost !

Oh !

Oh ! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,  
 Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy ;  
 And when the short raptures are all at an end,  
 From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend ?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,  
 Too nice for expression, which only we feel,  
 In a' that you do, in each look and each mien,  
 Thy graces in-waiting adorn you unseen,  
 When I see you, I love you : when hearing, adore :  
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;  
 Till mad wi' admiring, I cannot contain,  
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?  
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa' care :  
 I'll ask thy advice, when with troubles oppress,  
 Which never displeases, but always is best.  
 In all that I write, I'll thy judgement inquire ;  
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire ;  
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,  
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

### Allan Water.

W H A T numbers shall the muse repeat ?  
 What verse be found to praise my Annie ?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait,  
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.  
 Since first she trod the happy plain,  
 She set each youthfu' heart on fire ;  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 That Annie kindles new desire.

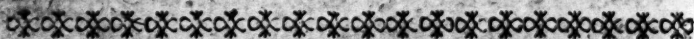
This lovely darling, dearest care,  
 This new delight, this charming Annie,  
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.



A' day the am'rous youths conven,  
 Joyous they sport and play before her;  
 A' night, when she nae mair is seen,  
 In blifsful dreams they still adore her.

Amang the crowd Amyntor came,  
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;  
 His rising sighs express his flame,  
 His words were few, his wishes many.  
 Wi' smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 Kind shepherd, Why shou'd I deceive ye?  
 Alas! your love maun be deny'd,  
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,  
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.  
 He staw awa' my virgin heart;  
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.  
 Some brighter beauty you may find,  
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;  
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.



### The Broom of Cowdenknows.

**H**OW blyth, ilk' morn, was I to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill!  
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me,  
 I met him wi' good will.  
*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,  
 Wi' his pipe and my cower.*

Neither wanted ew nor lamb,  
While his flock near me lay;  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And chear'd me a' the day.

*O the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by;  
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd wi' his melody.

*O the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our times, by turns  
Betwixt our flocks and play,  
I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Though ne'er so rich and gay.

*O the broom, &c.*

Hard fate ! that I shou'd banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born !

*O the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;  
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?  
He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

*O the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit,  
That held my wee soup whey,  
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
May now ly uselefs by.

*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,  
Farewel a' pleasures there;  
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
Is a' I crave, or care.

*O the broom, &c.*

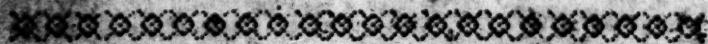
Blicke

## Blithe Jockey.

**M**Y Jockey is the blithest lad  
 That e'er young maid did woo;  
 Whene'er he appears, my heart is glad,  
 For he is kind and true.  
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,  
 His words in rapturè flow;  
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,  
 I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,  
 And flies to me alone;  
 At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,  
 I hear the maiden's moan.  
 He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,  
 And ribbands for my hair:  
 What swain was ever half so true,  
 Or half so kind and fair?

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,  
 If Jockey is but by;  
 For I alone am all his care,  
 Whenever danger's nigh.  
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,  
 And make me blest for life;  
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,  
 To be young Jockey's wife?



Tell me when, and tell me where.

**D**EAREST Kitty, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain  
 When he thus shall meet again.

W.H.H.

Where shall Strephon fondly see  
 Beauties only found in thee?

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,  
 All the happy live-long day.

Dearest Kitty kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy day, 'tis true,  
 Blest but only when with you,  
 Nightly Strephon sighs alone,  
 Sighs till Hymen makes us one.

Tell me then, and ease my pain,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
 When the priest shall kindly join  
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine.

Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, I care not where.



### Highland Queen.

**N**O more my song shall be, ye swains,  
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;  
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,  
 And Phoebus tunes the warbling lyre:  
 Divinely aided, thus I mean  
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,  
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;  
 From pride and affectation free,  
 Alike the smiles on you and me:  
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.





Would once the dearest boy but say,  
 'Tis you I love; come, come away,  
 Unto the kirk, my love, let's hy;  
 Ye gods, in rapture, I'd comply:  
 And I should then have cause to sing  
 The praises of my Highland King.



### John of Badenyon.

*By the Rev. Author of Tullochgorum.*

WHEN I first came to be a man of twenty years  
 or so,  
 I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world  
 would know.  
 In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay,  
 And here, and there, and every where, was like a  
 morn in May.  
 No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambl'd up and  
 down,  
 And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or  
 in town:  
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went, and when I was  
 alone,  
 I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself with John of Ba-  
 denyon,

Now in the days of youthful prime a mistress I  
 must find;  
 For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n im-  
 proves the mind.  
 On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind Fortune fix'd  
 my eyes,  
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became  
 my choice:

To

To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many  
 a vow,  
 And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other  
 lovers do :  
 But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her  
 cold as stone ;  
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe, to John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd, with fool-  
 ish hopes and vain,  
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd  
 at lovers' pain.  
 A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like  
 divine ;  
 An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was  
 mine :  
 And now whatever might betide, a happy man was I'  
 In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply ;  
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and  
 spurn'd my moan,  
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with John of Ba-  
 denyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a pa-  
 triot turn,  
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilks, and cry up Parson  
 Horne ;  
 Their noble spirit I admir'd, and prais'd their manly  
 zeal :  
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd the  
 public weal :  
 But e'er a month or two was past, I found myself be-  
 tray'd :  
 'Twas self and party after all, for all the stir they  
 made.  
 At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very  
 throne,  
 I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe, to John of Ba-  
 denyon.

What

What next to do I mus'd a-while, still hoping to  
succeed,  
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to  
read;  
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where, and study'd night  
and day;  
Nor mist what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happen'd  
in my way,

Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth:  
And carefully thro' many a page I hunted after truth,  
A thousand various schemes I try'd, and yet was pleas'd  
with none,  
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John of Ba-  
denyon,

And now ye youngsters ev'ry where, who want to  
make a show,  
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope, for happiness be-  
low;  
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty  
name,  
For girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll find  
them all the same.  
Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man as  
me,  
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high de-  
gree:  
You'll find displeasure every where; then do as I have  
done.  
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of  
Badenyon.

~~~~~

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But chearfully spends all his gain.

We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 For power or profit in view.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glitt'ring toys?*

*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
 Goes thorough the world, brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding;
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us.

And mountainous bellows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.

Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try,
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.



He.

OF all comforts I miscarried,
 When I play'd the set and married;
 'Tis a trap, there's none need doubt on't,
 Those that are in wou'd fain get out on't.

She.

Fie ! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He.

'Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or lye down,
For, as soon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

She.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me ;
Was I, was I made a wife to lye alone ?

He.

From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a-coursing ;
A sport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives been since Adam.

She.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you ;
And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

He.

Pox, what care I ! drink your flops 'till you die ;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

She.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted ;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

He.

Ere I be from rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;
To be sober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure ?

She.

To my grief then I must see
 Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be ;
 Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
 Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

He.

Zounds !-you may go to your gossips, you know,
 And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

She.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
 Never, never shall I meet a man like you.



The auld wife ayont the fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben.
 To find their mam a snishing*.

*The auld wife ayont the fire,**The auld wife uniesl the fire,**The auld wife aboon the fire,**She died for lack of snishing.*

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quo' she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

* Snishing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco ;
 but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a hus-
 band, love, money, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld;
 And if you with a yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shour,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides, ha'f blind, ye hae the gout,
 Your mill can hae nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye-limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that panky slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To won hersel' a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't,
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
 And ay she curst poor stumpy.

The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate sweez,
Which brak' the lang tooth by the neez;
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But the tint hopes of snishing.

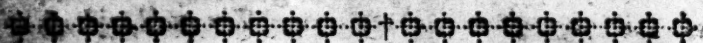
The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing :

*Else like this wife ayont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire ;
Nor will ye get unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.*



Hodge of the Mill and Buxom Nell.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon :
And he a wooing came
To bonny buxom Nell ;
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I like thee wondrous well.

My horses I have dress'd
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel ;
And, having come this way,

Let's sit and chat a while
 With thee, my bonny Nell:
 Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I'd like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
 The damsel then reply'd,
 I'm not in such a haste
 To be a ploughman's bride;
 Know I then live in hopes
 To marry a farmer's son:
 If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go,
 Sweet mistress I have done.

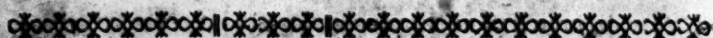
Your horses you have dress'd,
 Good Hodge, I heard you say;
 Put on your best apparel,
 And being come this way,
 Come sit and chat a while,
 "O! no indeed, nor I,
 "I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
 "I've other fish to fry."

Go take your farmer's son,
 With all my honest heart:
 What tho' my name be Roger,
 That goes at plough and cart?
 I need not tarry long,
 I soon may gain a wife:
 There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
 She loves me as her life.

Pray, what of buxom Joan?
 Can't I please you as well?
 For she has ne'er a penny,
 And I am buxom Nell;
 And I have fifty shillings,
 (The money made him smile.)
 Oh! then, my dear, I'll draw a chain,
 And chat with thee a while.

Within

Within the space of half-an-hour
 This couple a bargain struck;
 Hoping that with their money,
 They both wou'd have good luck,
 To your fifty I've forty,
 With which a cow we'll buy;
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
 Then who but you and I?



Tune, Tell me, tell me, charming creature.

CRUEL creature, can you leave me?
 Can you then ungrateful prove?
 Did you court me to deceive me,
 And to slight my constant love?

False! ungrateful! thus to woo me,
 Thus to make my heart a prize;
 First to ruin and undo me,
 Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Shall I send to heav'n my pray'r?
 Shall I all my wrongs relate?
 Shall I curse the dear betrayer?
 No, alas! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my condition,
 Pierce this unrelenting swain;
 Hear a tender maid's petition,
 And restore my love again.

Elizabeth B. [illegible]

Auld Robin Gray.

Tune, *The Bridegroom greets.*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky
at hame.

And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he sought me for
his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jemmy gade to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun
awa';
My father brake his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
And auld Robin Grey came a-courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna'
spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me,

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jemmy die?
And why do I live to say waes me!

Auld Robin argu'd fair, tho' my mither didna' speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So

So they gived him my hand, tho' my heart was in
the sea,
And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jemmy's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
'Fill he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.



W O O'D and married, and a'

Woo'd and married, and a',

Was she nae very weel off

Was woo'd and married, and a'?

The bride came out of the byre,

And O as she dightad her cheeks,

Sirs, I'm to be married th' night,

And has neither blankets nor sheets,

Has neither blankets nor sheets,

Nae scarce a coverlet too;

The bride that has a' to borrow

Has e'en right meikle ado.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,

As he came in frae the plough,

O had ye're tongue, my daughter,

And ye's get gear enough,

The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
 And our brae basin'd yade,
 Will carry you hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What deel needs a' this pride,
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy-woolsey,
 And ne'er a sark ava,
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins
 Mae than ane or twa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo Willie,
 Tho' we be scant of claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas;
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo,
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths enew,

Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie,
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as well as I;
 For you're baith proud and faucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife,
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'll never tak ane i' my life.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire;

But we poor fo'd maun live single,
 And do the best we can,
 I dinna care what I shou'd want
 If I cou'd get but a man;

Woo'd and married, &c.

Mary Scot.

HA P P Y's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of Heav'n relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah, no ! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share,
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sigling swain the banks of Yarrow.

Bè hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish ;
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

To the tune of the foregoing.

T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander o'er the braes of Yarrow;
 Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart, my own secure;
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
 No ransom take for Mary's slave?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair;
 This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
 In nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heav'n but one request,
 I'd ask to lye in Mary's breast;
 There would I live or die with pleasure,
 Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
 Despising kings, and all that's great,
 I'd smile at courts and courtier's fate;
 My joy compleat on such a marrow,
 I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my chain,
 In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
 For leaving life I'll always love her.
 What doubts distract a lover's mind?
 That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
 And he shall yet become my marrow,
 The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

Liza Baillie.

MY bonny Liza Baillie,
 I'll row you in my plaidie,
 If ye will gang alang wi' me
 And be a Highland ladie.

If I wad gang alang wi' you,
 They wadna' ca' me wise, Sir,
 For I can neither card nor spin,
 Nor yet can I speak Erse, Sir.

My bonny Liza Baillie,
 Your mieny canna want you ;
 Sae let the trooper gang his lane,
 And carry his ain portmanteau.

But she's cast aff her bonny shoon,
 Made o' the Spanish leather,
 And she's put on her Highland progues
 To skip amang the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
 A' wrought wi' goud and sattin,
 And she's put on a tartan plaid
 To sport amang the brachen.

She wadna hae a Lawland lad,
 Nor be an English ladie ;
 But she's awa wi' Duncan Grahame,
 He's row'd her in his plaidie.

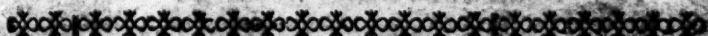
Down among the Broom.

B R A W, braw lads of Galla-water,
 O! braw lads of Galla-water;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee
 And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 The mair I kiss, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the heather;
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom, my dearie.
 The lassie lost a silken snood,
 That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.



To the Tune of the foregoing.

N O repose can I discover,
 Nor find joy without my lover;
 Can I stay when she's not near me;
 Cruel fates! once deign to hear me.

The charms of grandeur don't decoy me,
 Fair Eliza must enjoy me;
 My crown and sceptre I resign,
 The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

The Maid that's made for Love and me.

O! WOULD'ST thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear;
From each ungentle passion free,
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad;
For peace and me can pomp resign,
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A gentle train, from falsehood free,
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes! retire,
Whom glitt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see;
More genuine beauties are made for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss;
And should she change,—but, can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

SPRING

SPRING renewing all things gay,
 Nature's dictates all obey ;
 In each creature we may see
 The effect of love's degree ;
 This their state,
 Such their fate ;
 Do not, Molly, be too late.

Look around and see them play,
 All are wanton while they may ;
 Why should precious time be lost,
 After Summer comes a frost :
 All pursue
 Nature's due ;
 Let us, Molly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
 Herds in every meadow lowing,
 Birds on every branch are wooing,
 Turtles all around us cooing :
 Hark ! they coo,
 See ! they woo ;
 Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark ! how kind yon swain and lass,
 Yonder sitting on the grass,
 See ! how earnestly he sues,
 While she, blushing, can't refuse :
 See ! yon two,
 How they woo ;
 Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark ! that cloud above the plain,
 See ! it seems to threaten rain ;
 Herds and flocks do run together,
 Seeking shelter from the weather :
 Fear not you,
 I'll be true ;
 Let us, therefore, do so too.

By Lord LYTTLETON.

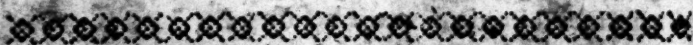
WHEN Delia on the grove appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears ;
I would approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other's wit but her's approve ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once her fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she's absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before ;
The clearest stream or shadiest grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.



ANNA.

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna :
I for her my home forsook,
Near you misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Nemo

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning,
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning :
 Whither is my charmer flown ?
 Shepherds, tell me whither ?
 Ah ! woe for me ! perhaps she's gone,
 For ever and for ever.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free ;
 Yet do what I can,
 I find I love him, and though he flies me,
 Still, still he's the man.
 They tell me at once he to twenty will swear,
 What vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear ?
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still,———still he's the man.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
 So civil a man ?
 The next day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still,———still he's the man :

All the world bids me beware of his art ;
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man :
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can ?
 He,———still is the man.

The

1816

1701

The gun-powder plot.

SOME twelve months ago,
 An hundred or so,
 The Pope went to visit the Devil ;
 And as, you will find,
 Old Nick, to a friend,
 Can behave himself wondrous civil.

Quoth the De'il to the Seer,
 What the De'il brought you here ?
 It was surely some whimsical maggot :
 Come, draw to the fire ;
 Nay, prithee, sit nigher :
 Here, firrah ! lay on t'other faggot.

You're welcome to Hell ;
 I hope friends are well,
 At Paris, Madrid, and at Rome ;
 And, now you clope,
 I suppose, my dear Pope,
 The conclave will hang out the broom.

Then his Holiness cry'd,
 All jesting aside,
 " Give the Pope and the Devil their dues ;"
 For, believe me, Old Dad,
 I'll make thy heart glad,
 For, by Jove, I do bring thee rare news.

There's a plot to beguile
 An obstinate ille ;
 Great Britain, that heretic nation,
 Shall be thyly behav'd,
 And thy hopes of being sav'd
 By the help of a d—d Reformation.

We'll never have done,
 If we burn one by one.

'Tis such a d---d numerous race !
 For no sooner one's dead,
 Like the fam'd Hydra's head,
 Than a dozen spring up in his place.

But, believe me, Old Nick,
 We'll play them a trick,
 The like was ne'er hatched in France ;
 For this day before dinner,
 As sure's I'm a sinner,
 We'll burn all the rascals at once.

When the king with his son
 To the parliament's gone,
 To consult about old musty papers,
 We'll give them a greeting,
 Shall break up their meeting,
 And try who can cut the best capers.

There's powder enough,
 And combustible stuff,
 In fifty and odd trusty barrels,
 Which will blow all together,
 The Devil cares whither,
 And decide at one blow all our quarrels.

But this was scarce said,
 When in popp'd the head
 Of an old Jesuitical Wight,
 Who cry'd, You're mistaken;
 They've all sav'd their bacon,
 And Jemmy still slinks with the fright.

Then Satan was struck,
 And said 'tis bad luck,
 But you for your news shall be thanked :
 He call'd to the door
 Seven devils or more,
 And they toss'd the poor dog in a blanket.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn ;
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,---*The hounds, &c.*
 The hunt man winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
A hunting we will go,—o-oho,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms, to make him stay ;
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,—*My dear, &c.*
 You cannot hunt to day.

Yet a hunting, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch ;
 Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,—*Some, &c.*
 And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
 Poor reynard ceases flight ;
 Then weary homeward we return, *Then weary, &c.*
 And drink away the night.

And a drinking, &c.

Adapted to the times.—Tune of the foregoing.

BE HOLD upon the swelling wave,
 With streaming pendants gay,
 Our gallant ships invite the waves,—*Our gallant, &c.*
 While glory leads the way.
And a cruising we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a cruising we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
A cruising we will go,—o-oho,
And a cruising we will go.

Ye beauteous maids, your smiles bestow,
 For if you prove unkind,
 How can we hope to beat the foe;—*How can, &c.*
 We leave our hearts behind.

When a cruising, &c.

See Hardy's flag once more displayed;
 Upon the deck he stands;
 Old England's glory ne'er can fade,——*Old, &c.*
 Or tarnish in his hands.

So a cruising, &c.

Be England to herself but true,
 To France defiance hurl'd;
 Give peace, America, with you,—*Give peace, &c.*
 And war with all the world..

And a cruising, &c.

Paty's Mill.

THE lass of Paty's mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green.
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand:
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Paty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same with me.

The yellow hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay as she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
 The butter and cheese, and a' thou'd four,
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae haff hour,
 I'll see haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

Peggy.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first try'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-
bells
Bloom'd bonny on muir-land and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briars, or breckens ga'e trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
At thro' the wood, laddie, Bels gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The boat-man, Tweedside, or the lair of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lassies trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire!
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was unconstant, and never spake truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair 'as the goddess that sprang from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sow'r;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

My Heart's my ain.

TIS nae very lang sin syne
That I had a lad of my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my laln.

The

The lafs he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a' ;
 And 'tis nought but the love o' the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa'.

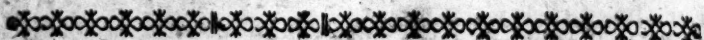
But I am blyth that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysell,
 That should nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell ;
 Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysell ;
 And when I'm clad in my curtsy,
 I think mysell as braw
 As Sufy, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled togither,
 And may they live happy for life ;
 Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But, O ! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
 As blyth as I weel can be ;
 For aye that's fae keen o' the filler,
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit or scant ;
 The wie thing I hae, I'll make use on't,
 And nae aye about me shall want ;
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to ha'd and to gie ;
 For whinging and cringing for filler,
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that has enough ;
 The master is seldom, so happy
 As Robin that drives the plough,
 But if a young lad wad cast up
 To make me his partner for life ;
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.



The Way to keep him..

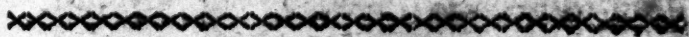
YE fair possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill :
 Say, will ye deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ?
 An honest verse that flows sincere,
 And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage,
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told—
 Too often told in vain—
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

The

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
For heav'n and joys divine,
The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm, than mine.
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddess I adore.



The Linnets.

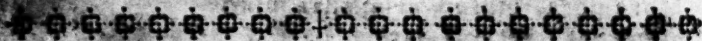
13

Unbedacht!

Unheedful of their plaintive notes
 I sang across the mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When Chlora's charms I view'd.
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
 To hear my tender tale ;
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made
 Came pity to my breast ;
 And thus I, as compassion bade,
 The feather'd pair address'd :
 Ye little warblers, chearful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.



Rule, Britannia !

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain ;
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !

The nations (not so blest as thee,)
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still, with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair !

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Composed

Composed by a gentleman in Glasgow.

To the Tune of, Langolee.

WHILE, thus mighty Bacchus! we sing thy great glory,

And wine in full bumpers we joyfully quaff,
Attend with thy train, jolly god! we implore thee,
And join with thy vot'ries, when drunk, the loud laugh:

For life is a jest, and every thing shows it,
And of short duration, there's no one but knows it,
The present time's ours, and they're fools that would lose it;

Come then our full bumpers let's joyfully quaff.

Elated with wine, when at midnight we revel,
Thro' streets we keep roving, all jovial and free,
And "kick up a dust," roar and sing like the d---l,
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.
And beating the rounds, when each takes his station,
Amongst lamps, and the windows, oh! what devastation!

With watchmen and guards we play h---l and d-m-n;
What champions so brave---so courageous as we!

Dull mortals around us, of ev'ry profession,
Who in toil, or in study, their lifetimes employ,
When cloy'd with their bus'ness, they all make confession,

Such pleasures as ours they ne'er can enjoy.
Come all at once, then, let's drink off our glasses,
The joys of old wine there's no pleasure surpasses,
The dumber dull fool who denies it an ass is,
In drinking there's pleasure which never can cloy.

Roslin

Roslin Castle.

TWAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay ;
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song ;
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay :
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song ;
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away :
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine :
 O hither haste, and with thee bring,
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

Tweed

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through these,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music inchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lyes asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell ;
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

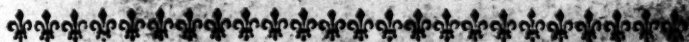
Sung.

Sung in the Conscious Lovers.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment !
 If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content ?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand (gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known :
 But, Oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the charms !
 How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.



An old bottle song.

TH E man that is drunk is void of all care ;
 He needs neither Parthian quiver or spear ;
 The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield,
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both doctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
Incumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible dun;
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear :
In Africa's desert there never was seen
A monster so hated by gods, and by men.

Come, place me, ye deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine ;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or—place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound ;
Ey'n there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules,
Who mind them but wild philosophical fools !
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down and think,

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain :
His sorrow he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into it I came to be drunk as a lord ;
My life is the reck'ning which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away.

Bannocks

Bannocks of Barley-Meal.

MY name is Argyle, you may think it strange
 To live at the court, and never to change;
 All falsehood and flatt'ry I do disdain,
 In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:
 In siege or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd,
 I always my king and my country sac'd;
 I'll do any thing for my country's weal,
 And live upon bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain.
 O! the muckle de'il tak' a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the braw lassies, wha kens nie weel,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings, and leather heel'd shoon,
 They'll mak' me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my Maggy I think for to gae,
 Wi' my claymore hingin' down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for Maggy to wear,
 And some pretty things else, I do declare,
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisley-fair.
 And, when we are married, we'll keep a cow,
 My Maggy shall milk her, and I will plow;
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

'If my maggy shou'd chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King as his daddy has done:
 I'll send him to Flanders, some breeding to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland, and keep a farm.
 And thus we'll live, and industrious be,
 And wha'll be fae great as my Maggy and me?
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens, every ane,
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane;
 Ye bites of Bear-garden, who fight for gains,
 And ye fops, who have got more wigs than brains:
 Ye cullies and bullies I'll bid you adieu,
 For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you;
 Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your teal,
 I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll leave off kissing each citizen's wife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life:
 Kissing and toying I'll spend the lang day,
 Wi' bonny young lasses, on cocks of hay,
 Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
 A kiss, and a tumble upon the green grass:
 I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.



The good Wife.

THAT man who, for life, is blest in a wife,
 Is sure in a happy condition;
 Go things as they will, she sticks by him still,
 She's comforter, friend, and physician.

Pray, where is the joy, to trifle and toy,
 Yet dread some disaster from beauty;
 Sure, sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
 Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, said he, come and see,
 You're welcome to my dwelling.
 Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty.
 A good fat fow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre,
 Whilst lazy puss, with mealy mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak' the miller,
 For foul day, and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her.
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty,
 And, now and then, a keckling hen,
 To lay her eggs in plenty.



By the Great Marquis of Montrose.

MY dear, and only love, I pray,
 That little world of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other sway,
 But purest monarchy;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 I'll call a synod in my heart,
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain, or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law;
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe;
 But, 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
 Thou storm, or vex me fore,
 And if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll, smiling, mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love, and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

This earth my paradise should be,
I'd grasp a heaven of joys in thee,
For thou art all thy sex to me,
So fondly do I love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,
Amidst the clash of hostile arms,
I'd softly sink among thy charms,
And only live to love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Let fortune drive me far away,
Or make me fall to foes a prey,
My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,
And dying I would love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Tho' I were number'd with the dead,
My soul should hover round thy head:
I may be turn'd a silent shade,
But cannot cease to love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.



The Lover.

HOW happy a lover's life passes,
When beauty returns sigh for sigh!
He looks upon all men as asses,
Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather,
He trips to the terrace, or parks;
Where swains croud impatient together,
And maidens look out for their sparks.

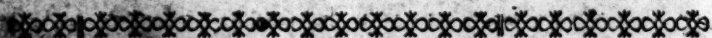
What sweet palpitation arises,
 When Chloe appears full in view !
 Her smiles at more value he prizes
 Than mines the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged time, as they're walking,
 Soon parts them, alas ! by his flight,
 By reflection he still hears her talking ;
 And absent he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,
 And Bacchus calls out for his lass,
 His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,
 Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusements he prizes,
 Than those that from Chloe arise ;
 She's first in his thoughts when he rises,
 And last, when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition distress us,
 Or fortune's fantastical chace ;
 Love only with Chloe can bless us,
 And give all we want to embrace.



Charming Kitty Fell.

W H I L E beaux to please the ladies write,
 And bards, to get a dinner by't,
 Their well feigned passions tell ;
 Let me, in humble verse, proclaim
 My love for her that bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty—lovely Kitty !
 Charming Kitty—Kitty Fell !

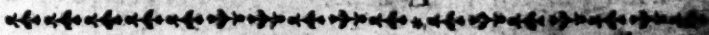
That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,

Alas ! I know full well :
I feel, and shall for ever feel,
A dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.

At length I hop'd, by reason's aid.
To cure the wound which love had made,
And bid a long farewell ;
But, t'other day she cross'd the green,
I saw—I wish I had not seen
My charming Kitty Fell.

ask'd her—where she pass'd that way ?
To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay—
Why, don't you hear the bell ?
To church !—oh take me with thee there !
I pray'd—she would not hear my pray'r !
Oh ! cruel Kitty Fell.

But now I find 'tis all in vain,
To live, to love, and to complain,
Confin'd in chains to dwell :
Altho' she casts a scornful eye,
Till death my faltering tongue shall cry,
Adieu ! sweet Kitty Fell.



Arthur's Seat.

O W A L Y waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny,
 A little time when it is new ;
 But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head ?
 Or, wherefore shou'd I kame my hair ?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me ;
 Saint Anthon's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me,
 Martinmas wind when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree,
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
 It's no sae cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me,
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely fight to see ;
 My love was clad i' the black velvet,
 And I myself in coamafie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lock'd my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myself were dead and gone,
 For a maid again I'll never be !

Irish Song. Sung by Miss CATELY.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

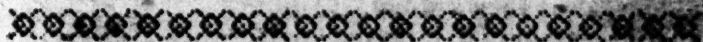
There will we sit upon the rocks.
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose fall
 Melodious birds sing Madrigal.

There will I make beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then leave with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight, each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then stay with me, and be my love.



The nymph's reply.

IF that the world and love were young,
 And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
 A honey tongue, and heart of gall,
 May pleasures turn to sorrows all.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All those in me no means can move,
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need;
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ARTHUR O'BRADLY.

T WAS in the month of May,
 The maidens they did say,
 A garland they would have,
 That was both gallant and brave:
 The syllabubs they brought up,
 That ev'ry one might sup;
 Now, I'll take off my cup.
 Good ale is belov'd by all,
 The great, as well as the small;

Then,

Then, Here's to Arthur O'Bradly—O!

O rare Arthur O'Bradly!

O rare Arthur O'Bradly—O!

Good ale is belov'd by all, &c.

Young Arthur went out one day,

Met Dorothy by the way,

And took her by the hand,

Desiring her for to stand:

If you love your mother love me,

And love no other but me,

For my name it is Arthur O'Bradly—O!

And I'm O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

The old woman screech'd and cry'd,

And call'd her daughter aside;

What a foolish young girl are ye?

How can you so frolicsome be?

Scarce fifteen years of age,

To rule a man's house and engage:

Besides, you are not fit

To keep an old man in his wit,

And you're not for Arthur O'Bradly—O!

For he's poor Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Young Arthur stept in by the bye,

And stopt the old wife of her cry:

Oho! old woman, says he,

I know I'm as good as she,

For, if death my father should call,

I shall be heir of all;

His tackling and his tooms,

With a dozen of wooden spoons;

With three left handed mittins,

And an old curtain ring,

A dozen of metal buttons,

Ty'd to an old leathern string;

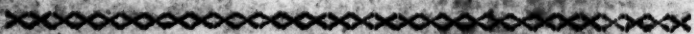
With cocks and pails hail five,

And a piece of an auld bee-hive;

Besides, was left in my lot,
 My grandmother's mustard pot,
 And chamber-pot, as good
 As ever was made of wood;
 And they're all for Arthur O'Bradly—O!
 And I'm O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Then Goody took Arthur aside,
 Gave Dorothy for his bride;
 Their eldest son to be heir,
 They both did vow and declare.
 The bride and bridegroom skipt,
 To bed in haste they tript;
 The caudle and posset did go,
 The maidens the stocking did throw;
 While Dorothy soon cry'd, Oh!—
 O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Now Arthur has got a wife,
 The like was never seen;
 She's mouth from ear to ear,
 And her teeth as rotten's a peer;
 Her legs are bended so,
 That a wheel-barrow thorough may go;
 With a hump upon her back,
 And a husband she has got,
 And her name it is Draggie-tail'd Dorothy, O!
 And she's O rare Draggie-tail'd Dorothy,
 Wife to Arthur O'Bradly—O!
Good ale is belov'd by all, &c.



The Highland Volunteers.

TO humble rebellion, establish the laws,
 To fight in Britannia's and Liberty's cause,
 Our country now calls us, our king gives the word,
 Once more to unsheathe the invincible sword.

And

*And as we're sprung from heroes of great glory and
renown;*

*Who always were the ornament and support of the
crown;*

*Let us, like them, stand nobly forth in liberty's fair
cause;*

And defy the rebel Congress to alter our laws.

Our illustrious forefathers, who slav'ry disdain'd,
The flight of the proud Roman eagle restrain'd;
No nation but ours could their fury oppose,
Our fathers ne'er turn'd their backs on their foes.

And as we're sprung, &c.

Let us then remember whose blood fills our veins,
(And cursed be he who his ancest'ry stains !)
The descendents of heroes, who never would yield,
Will approve themselves always the first in the field.

And as we're sprung, &c.

Our honoured sovereign now calls us forth,
And our chieftains, the pride and the flower of the
north;

And when such a king and such officers call,
The summons must surely be pleasing to all.

And as we're sprung, &c.

Come, then, let us quick to the standard repair,
And share in the toils and the glories of war :
And when under great Fraser's command we appear,
The proud rebels will soon change their boasting to
fear.

And as we're sprung, &c.

To our noble gen'ral a bumper let's fill,
To Macpherson, Macleod, Macintosh, and Lochiel,
And ev'ry brave hero who crosses the main,
To conquer America over again.

And since we're sprung, &c.

By a Brother of St Luke's Lodge.

Tune. In the garb of old Gaul, &c.

IN the dress of free masons, fit garments for Jove,
With the strongest attachment, true brotherly love,
We now are assembled, all jovial and free,
For who are so wise—so social as we!

And since we're bound, by secrecy, to unity and love.

Let us, like brethren faithful still to ev'ry brother prove:

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,

All masons, in a ring,

Protectors of our native land,

The craft, and the king.

Tho' some, with ambition, for glory contend,
And, when they've attain'd it, despise a poor friend;
Yet a mason, tho' noble, his fame to ensure,
Counts each mason his brother, tho' ever so poor.

And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our brethren alone we confine
That brotherly-love, that affection divine;
For our kind-hearted sisters in that bear a share,
And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the fair.

And since we're bound, &c.

With justice, with candor, our bosoms are warm'd,
Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd;
We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those
Who treat us as friends, and we laugh at our foes.

And since we're bound, &c.

We bend to the king, to our master we bend;
For these are the rulers we're bound to defend;
And when such a king, such a master, arise,
As Britons, as masons, we've cause to rejoice.

And since we're bound, &c.

Fanny.

Jenny.

ST E R N winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
And cowslips and violets the meadows perfume ;
While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
I wait but for Jocky to hail the new May.

Jocky.

Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines, I bring to my maid :
Here's thyme, sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny.

Ah ! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
When seated with Molly, last night, on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky.

Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green dress,
He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay ;
Was that done like Jenny, the Queen of the May ?

Jenny.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jocky false-hearted, his passion denies :
Ye flowers, so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jocky.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
Your name is for ever the theme of my song :
From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Jenny.

Again balmy comfort, with transport, I view,
 My fears are all vanish'd, since Jocky is true :
 Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll convey,
 That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Jocky.

Come, all young-lovers, I pray you draw near,
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray,
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

Betty Brown.

IN pursuit of a lass that was form'd to my taste,
 What pains did I take, and what time did I waste ?
 In vain did I ramble o'er country and town,
 'Till fate introduc'd me to dear Betty Brown.

Such a shape, such an air, such a mien, such a face,
 She smil'd with such sweetness, convers'd with such
 A forehead unus'd to a wrinkle or frown, [grace,
 Precedes o'er the face of my dear Betty Brown.

When first I beheld her my heart was inflam'd,
 And mov'd with a rapture that cannot be nam'd :
 Ye gods !—what is wealth—what is fame or renown,
 Compar'd with the charms of my dear Betty Brown ?

Tho' her person has beauties beyond all compare,
 Of a virtuous mind she's a much better share :
 Let others' ambition extend to a crown
 I ask of ye gods ! but my dear Betty Brown.

O let me this charming dear creature possess,
 No more I request, nor can ask any less :
 From the summit of hope let me not tumble down,
 Ye gods !—give me death, or my dear Betty Brown.

Britannia's

Britannia's Call.

To the tune of, Come then all ye social powers.

COME ye lads, who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms, and form the line
 That leads to martial glory.
 Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers;
 Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 That we to fear are strangers.

CHORUS. *Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers;
 And tell the blust'ring—
 Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers;
 And tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 That we to fear are strangers.
 Sons of France, we to fear are strangers.*

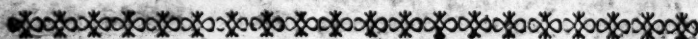
Britain, when the Lion's rous'd,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Always find our sons dispos'd.
 To drub the foe that's daring.
Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,
 Pour your naval thunder
 On the trembling sons of France,
 And strike the world with wonder.
Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
 To the noblest booty;
 Guard your coasts, protect the trade,
 For that's a Briton's duty.
Charge the musket, &c.

Now, since Spain, to take their parts,
Forms a base alliance,
All unite, and British hearts
May bid the world defiance.

*Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
Manly and united,
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.*



The mariner's wife.

BUT are you sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel,
*There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' :
There's nae luck about the house
When our goodman's awa'.*

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
And see him come ashore.

There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat ;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

There's nae luck, &c.

Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw ;
It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
He likes to see them braw.

*There's nae luck, &c.
There's*

There are twa hens into the crib,
 Hae fed this month and mair,
 Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.

There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
 My bishop-fatin gown;
 And then gae tell the Baillie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town.

There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey-slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue;
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

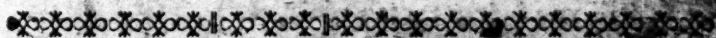
There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like cauler air:
 His very tread has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.

There's nae luck, &c.

And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

There's nae luck, &c.



The Battle of Flowdenhill.

I'VE heard a great liltin' at our ewes milkin',
 Lassies a' liltin' before the break of day;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loanin',
 That our brave Forresters are a' wede away.

At

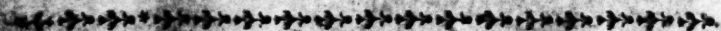
At bughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae,
 Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, at the glomin, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Mongst stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the forrest that are wede away.

At har'ft, at the sheering, nae younkers are jeering,
 The ban'sters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
 At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecing,
 Since our brae Foresters are a' wede away.

O dool! for the order, sent our lads to the border!
 The English, for ance, by guile gat the day;
 The flower of the forest that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw Foresters are a' wede away.



Had awa' frae me, Donald.

O Will you ha'e a tartan plait,
 Or will you ha'e a ring, Mattam?
 Or will you ha'e a kiss o' me,
 And t'at's te pretty 'ting, Mattam.
 Had awa' bide awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 I'll neither kiss, nor ha'e a ring,
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you not her ponny progues,
 Her fecket-plait, plue, green, Mattam;
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,
 An' a shoulter-pelt apen, Mattam?
 Had awa', bide awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Nae shoulter-belts, nae trinkabouts,
 Nae tartan-hose for me, Donald.

Her can peshaw a petter hough,
 T'an him wha wears ta crown, Mattam;
 Hersell ha'e pistol and claymore
 Ta flee ta Lallant town, Mattam;
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
 You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hersell ha'e a short cot pi pought,
 No trail her feets at rin, Mattam;
 A cutty fark of cood harn-sheet,
 My mitter he be spin, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
 And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's ne'er pe pidden work a turn
 At ony kind o' spin, Mattam,
 But shug your leno in a skull,
 And tidel Highland sing, Mattam.
 Had awa, had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald.
 Your jogging skulls and Highland sangs
 Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam;
 Sweet milk and ream as much you please,
 Far cheaper tan Bohea, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 I winna quit my morning's tea,
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper-Gallic ye's pe learn,
 And tat's ta pönny speak, Mattam;
 Ye's get a cheese an' putter-kirn,
 Come wi' me gin you like, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 Your Gallic, and your Highland cheer
 Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait ye's be ket a filler proch,
 Pe pigger as the moon, Mattam;
 Ye's ride in currioch, stead of coach,
 An' wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald.
 For a' your Highland rarities,
 You're not a match for me, Donald.

Is t'is ta way t'at ye'll pe guide
 Pra' protty man like me, Mattam?
 Sae lang's claymore hing py my site
 I'll nifer marry t'ee, Mattam.
 O come awa', run awa',
 O come awa' wi' me, Donald;
 I wadna quit my Highland-man,
 Frae Lallands fet me free, Donald.



Turnimspike.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Be sold as Porthwel-prig, man;
 As many alterations seen,
 Among te Lallant whig, man,

Fal la!, &c.

First when her to the Lallants came,
 Nainfell was troving cows, man;
 There was nae laws apout hims nerse,
 Apout te preeks or trews, man.

Nainfell dit wear t'e philapeg,
 The plait prick't on her shoulter;
 The good claymore hung pe her pelt,
 An' pistol sharg'd wi' pouter.

But tevil tak' t'ese cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her nerse pe lockit;
 Ohon! that e'er she saw the tay,
 For a' her houghs pe prockit.

Every t'ing in the Highlands now
 Pe turn't to alteration;
 T'e sodger twall at our door sheek,
 An' t'at's te great vexation.

Scotlant pe turn't an Englant now,
 Pat laws pring on te cadger;
 Nainfell wad durk her for her deeds,
 Put oh! she fears t'e sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
 Me never saw te like, man;
 They mak' a lang road on te crund,
 And ca him Turnimspike, man:

An' wow she pe a ponny road,
 Like Louden corn-rigs, man;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no break ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no pe sheaper,
 For naught put gaun upo' t'e grund,
 An' they gi'e me a paper.

They tak' t'e horse t'an py t'e head,
 An' t'ere they mak' him stand, man;
 I tell't them that I seen t'e day
 She had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubts nainfell maun traw her purse,
 An' pay him what hims like, maun;
 I'll see a shugement on his toor,
 T'at filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come ner her Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to, purn her.

The Usquebae.

DONALD's a shentleman, an' evermore shall,
 She's porn i' the Highlands, the pack o' Dunkel;
 Put the king an' his cadgers ha'e made her a prey,
 And tane paith her pot, an' her tear Usquebae.

Nainfell now has naething of auld Highland hue,
 Put her tork, her claymore, and her bonnet o' blue;
 Her plait and her kilt, ohon! mair-wae!
 She's reaved of, them, an' her tear Usquebae.

I was not a ribel, tho' I faught for my Chief,
 Nor am I a rogue, who was never a thief:
 Nainfell was a sodger, and got t'e King's pay,
 An' yet she's depriv'd o' her tear Usquebae.

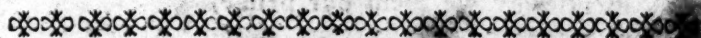
On t'e morning our Shranet he wad gi'e me traw,
 Then I'd fight like a Turk, and work like a man;
 If ye see t'e king, tell her it's no the right way,
 To tak' frae poor Donald her dear Usquebae.

When

When her Shanet was sick, an' pearing t'e pairn;
 A trink of good whisky did sherish his prain;
 It open'd her nersé, and the loon flew away;
 This was the fruits o' her-goot Usquebae.

The whisky's t'e life o' t'e Highlands besure,
 Now t'e king's ain tear sodgers may die in t'e muir,
 When her feets will be sair, in a cault winter tay,
 She'll miss Donald's kebbucks and goot Usquebae.

My curse on t'e cadger t'at e'er he was porn;
 Poor Highlandman now maun pe Lallanman scorn,
 Nainfell tho' pe hopes to see petter tay,
 An' t'e te'il get the cadger and her Usquebae.



GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses tull his shoon;
 His stockings were of silken-soy,
 Wi' garters hanging down;
 It was, I ween, a comely sight,
 To see sae trim a boy;
 He was my jo, and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sic twa charming een he had,
 A breath as sweet's a rose;
 He never wore a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken cloaths;
 He gain'd the luvè o' ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy;
 Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in one town together,
 We scant were seven years before
 We 'gan to luvè each other,

Our daddies and our mammies baith,
 Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luv of mine,
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding-fark of Holland fine,
 Wi' silken flowers wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding-ring,
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy ;
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er cou'd sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time
 Amang the leaves sae green :
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
 And sweetly kiss and toy ;
 Wi' garlands gay he'd deck my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
 Wi' me to lead his life,
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feats o' strife :
 And he, in many a vent'rous deed,
 His courage banld wad try ;
 And now this gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
 The tears they wat mine ee ;
 I gave tull him a parting look,
 My bennison gong wi' thee !
 God speed the weel, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in ev'ry town,
 And bauldly bare away the gree
 Frae mony a lawland leon :

Nane e'er durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy ;
 At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
 That my luvie let me want,
 For cow and ewe he brought to me,
 In times when they were scant.
 All these did honestly possess
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
 To hang a man for gear ;
 To reave of life for ox or ass,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare :
 Had not the laws been made sae strict,
 I ne'er had lost my joy ;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wet my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He might ha'e banish'd been ;
 Ah ! what fair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men !
 To hang the flow'r o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
 They bound him meikle strong :
 Till Edinburgh they led him there,
 And on a gallows hung.

They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae trim a boy;
 There dy'd the youth whom I lo'ed best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away;
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I washt his comely clay;
 Andicker, in a grave sae deep,
 I laid the dear lo'ed boy;
 And now forever maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.



Chear up my Heart.

AS I was walking ae May-morning,
 The fiddlers and youngsters were making their game;
 And there I saw my faithless lover,
 And a' my sorrows returned again.
*Well, since he is gane, joy gang wi' him,
 Its never be he shall gar me complain;
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get anither,
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.*

I cou'dna get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
 The tears ran down like show'rs o' rain;
 An' I hadna got greeting my heart wad a broken,
 And O! but love's a tormenting pain.
But since he is gane, &c.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
 I took my wheel, and sat down to spin;
 'Twas there I first began my thrift,
 And a' the wooers came linkin' in.
 It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll nae get.
And its never be he, &c.
 The

The wedding day.

ONE night, as poor Colin lay musing on bed;
 With his heart full of love, and a vaporous head;
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
 How sweetly he sung of his wedding-day:
 O what would I give for a wedding day!
 Wealth and ambition I'd throw them away,
 With all they can boast for a wedding-day.

Should Heav'n bid me ask, and with freedom implore,
 One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,
 For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone would I pray,
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day.
 Blest be the approach of my wedding-day!
 I'll hail my dear nymph on my wedding-day;
 Earth smiles more charming, and heaven more gay,
 And happiness dawns on my wedding-day.

But Luna, who equally sov'reign presides,
 O'er the hearts of the ladies, and flow of the tides,
 Unhappily changes—Jess changed her mind!
 O Fate! cou'd a woman prove constant and kind!
 Why was I born to a wedding day?
 Curst, ever curst, be my wedding-day!
 Colin, poor Colin, has changed his lay,
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding-day.

Bachelors, be warn'd by the shepherd's distress,
 Be taught by your freedom to measure your bliss,
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
 And blast all your hopes on a wedding-day.
 Horns is the gift of a wedding-day?
 Want and a scold crowns a wedding-day!
 Happy's the gallant has a wife while he may,
 And prefers a stiff rope to a wedding-day.

The grey cock. A fragment.

O S A W ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true love John?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong;
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
 But he will be here 'ere long

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red:
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny Rose, and to the door he goes,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 The lass taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd, and let him in.

And are you come at last, and do I hold you fast,
 And is my Johnny true?
 I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myself,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
 And crawl when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lass thought it day, when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

HEY how, Johnny lad,
 You're no sae kind's ye sud ha'e been,
 Hey how, Johnny lad,
 You're no sae kind's ye sud hae'e been,
 Sae weel's you might ha'e touzled me,
 And sweetly pried my mou' bedeem.
 Hey how, Johnny lad, &c.

My father he was at the pleugh,
 My mother she was at the mill :
 My billy he was at the moss,
 And no ane near our sport to spill :
 The feint a body was therein,
 Ye need na' fley'd for being seen :
 Hey how, Johnny lad,

But I maun ha'e anither jo,
 Whase love gangs never out o' mind,
 And winna let the moment pass,
 When to a lass he can be kind.
 Then gang your wa's to Blinkin' Bess,
 Nae mair for Johnny sall she grien :
 Hey how, Johnny lad, &c.



I'L L sing of my lover all night, and all day,
 He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay :
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bag-pipe my shepherd can play.
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair :
 Rose, violet, nor lily, with me can't compare :
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear.

And a bonny, &c.

He

He kneels at my feet, and with many a sigh,
 Did cry, O my dear, will you never comply !
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die.
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I.

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love my dear boy can repeat :
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet,
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet.

And a bonny, &c.

At eve', when the sun sinks repos'd in the west,
 And May's tuneful choirests all skim to their nest,
 When I meet on the green the man I love best,
 My heart is just ready to burst in my breast.

And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
 Then come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you ;
 Let us live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste the sweet raptures no monarch e'er knew.

And a bonny, &c.

~~~~~  
**I**L L sing of Jenny all day, and all night;  
 She's ever good-natur'd, and full of delight ;  
 Her looks are so pleasant, her eyes are so bright,  
 That I always am happy when she's in my sight.  
*And a beautiful girl is my Jenny, &c.*

To me Jenny's love is often exprest ;  
 Of all her young gallants she loves me the best :  
 Her lips I have kiss'd, and her bosom I've prest,  
 She's sweeter than roses in June, I protest.

*And a beautiful, &c.*

Of all the gay lasses that dance on the green,  
 'Tis Jenny excels for an air and a mien;  
 She sings like a syren, she looks like a queen,  
 She's the sweetest young beauty my eyes have e'er seen,  
*And a beautiful, &c.*

Come hither, sweet Jenny, no longer delay,  
 Join hands with your Jocky, to church let's away;  
 Don't trust till to-morrow, be happy to-day,  
 And gladly the summons of Cupid obey:  
*Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky, &c.*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
**L**ET gay ones and great, make the most of their  
 fate,

From pleasure to pleasure they run:  
 Well, who cares a jot? I envy them not,  
 Whilst I have my dog and my gun.  
 For exercise, air, to the fields we repair,  
 With spirits unclouded, and light;  
 The blest that we find no sting leaves behind,  
 But health and diversion unite.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
*Composed by a Gentleman at Greenwich.*

**W**HAT tho' they call me country squire,  
 I think I'm fit for something higher;  
 A statesman's post I much admire;  
 O! could I see the day:  
 If fortune would attend my call,  
 At court, at parliament, or hall,  
 'I'd sharp the bravest of them all,  
 With a—Stand by—clear the way.

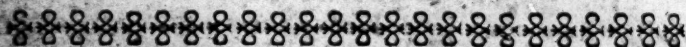
Surrounded

Surrounded by some cringing bands,  
That wait for favour at my hands,  
I'd promise what I ne'er intend,

O! could I see the day :  
I'd play so fine before my king,  
I'd bring him into any thing ;  
And then, O! how I'll take my fling,  
With a—Stand by—clear the way.

Then for liveries lac'd with gold,  
And purses full of cash untold,  
I'll ride o'er Debonaires so bold,

O! could I see the day :  
Thus ever easy, ever gay,  
New schemes shall pass the night away,  
And int'rest crown the growing day,  
With a—Stand by—clear the way.



### Wayward wife.

**A**L A S! my son, you little know  
The sorrows that from wedlock flow :  
Farewell to ev'ry day of ease,  
When you have got a wife to please.

*Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
You little ken what's to betide you yet ;  
The huf o' that will gain you yet,  
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.*

Your experience is but small,  
As yet you've met with little thrall ;  
The black cow on your foot ne'er trode,  
which gars you sing along the road.

*Sae bide you yet, &c.*

Sometimes

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,  
Or some piece of the spinning wheel,  
She will drive at you with good will :  
And then she'll send you to the de'il,

*Sae bide you yet, &c.*

When I, like you, was young and free,  
I valu'd not the proudest she :  
Like you I vainly boasted then,  
That men alone were born to reign.

*But bide you yet, &c.*

Great Hercules and Samson too,  
Were stronger men than I or you,  
Yet they were baffled by their dears,  
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

*Sae bide you yet, &c.*

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,  
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls ;  
But there is nought, by sea or land,  
That can a wayward wife withstand.

*Sae bide you yet, &c.*



Bide you yet.

**G** I N I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,  
A bonny wee wisie to praise and admire,  
A bonny wee yardy aside a wee burn,  
Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

*And bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
Ye little ken what may bide me yet ;  
Some bonny wee bodie may be my lot,  
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.*

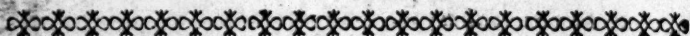


When I gang a-field and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean,  
 And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry papa or dadda to me.

*And bide you yet, &c.*

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,  
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,  
 I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.

*And bide you yet, &c.*



### The Flowers of Edinburgh.

**M**Y love was once a bonny lad,  
 He was the flower of all his kin ;  
 The absence of his bonny face  
 Has rent my tender heart in twain :  
 I day nor night find no delight,  
 In silent tears I still complain ;  
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,  
 That hae ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,  
 Since I have lost my blooming rose ;  
 I sigh and moan while others rest,  
 His absence yields me no repose.  
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,  
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain ;  
 Thus I'll no'er cease, but spend my days,  
 To hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,  
 Since parents show such fickleness ;  
 They caus'd my love from me to range,  
 And knows not to what destiny.

The

The pretty kids, and tender lambs,  
 May cease to sport upon the plain ;  
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,  
 For the absence of my darling swain:

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,  
 To send a fair and pleasant gale ;  
 Ye dolphins, sweet, upon me wait,  
 And convey me on your tail :  
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,  
 While crossing of the raging main,  
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,  
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return  
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;  
 The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,  
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.  
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,  
 My heart once more I will regain :  
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,  
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.



### The Friar.

**T**HIS morning, musing on my bed, *fal, &c.*  
 A comical story came into my head, *fal, &c.*  
 As droll an old story as e'er you did hear,  
 Concerning a friar and a maiden fair,  
*Sing fal de ral, &c.*

As this fair maid was going to rest,  
 The friar desir'd he might be blest :  
 Odd-zooks ! says she, I can't grant your desire,  
 For fear of the dangers of hell-fire.

As for those dangers you need not doubt,  
If you were in hell I could pray you out ;  
If out of hell you can sinners pray,  
Ten crowns in money you shall me pay.

Odd-zooks ! says the friar, before I'll lack,  
I'll pawn the black gown from off my back :  
But while he went home, the money to tell,  
This fair maid threw a cloth over the well.

The friar return'd—with joys says he,  
Love, here is the money, come let us be free :  
Alas ! says the maid, what caus'd you to stay ?  
My father is here since you went away.

O where shall I go, or where shall I run,  
To hide me till your father be gone ?  
Under that cloth you safe may be,  
For there my father will not you see.

Then unto the cloth the friar he tript,  
And into the well he suddenly slipt :  
Alas ! says the friar, I am in the well ;  
No matter, quoth she, if you were in hell.

You said you could pray a maid out of hell,  
Try if you can pray yourself out of the well :  
Then he did pray with a sorrowful sound,  
O help me out, or I shall be drown'd.

She helped him out, and bid him begone ;  
And then he demanded his money again ;  
O no, said the maid, I'll do no such matter,  
I'll make you pay dear for fouling my water.

The friar went drooping along the street,  
For he was as wet as a new wrung sheet :  
Odd-zooks ! says the friar, I ne'er was so fool'd ;  
No matter, quoth she, now your courage is cool'd.

SYLVIA

**S**YLVIA, Sylvia, Sylvia, one day,  
 She dress'd herself in man's array;  
 With a brace of pistols by her side,  
 To meet her true love,  
 To meet her true love away did ride.

She met her true love on the plain,  
 And boldly made him for to stand;  
 Stand and deliver, she did cry,  
 Or else this moment you shall die.

This put her true love in surprise,  
 He knew her not, being in disguise:  
 She boldly made him for to stand,  
 And give gold and watch at her command.

When she had robb'd him of his store,  
 She said, kind Sir, there is one thing more,  
 A diamond-ring I see you have,  
 Deliver it, and your life I'll save.

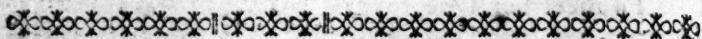
My diamond-ring a token were,  
 My life I'll lose before it I spare:  
 Being tender-hearted, like a dove,  
 She rode away from her true love.

As they walk'd in the garden green,  
 Where, like true lovers, they'd oft been,  
 He spy'd his watch hang by her clothes,  
 Which made him blush like any rose.

What blush you at, you silly thing?  
 I thought to get your diamond-ring:  
 'Twas I that robb'd you on the plain,  
 So take your gold and watch again.



Then to the church they did repair,  
Where these true lovers married were :  
Young Jamie, and his Sylvia gay,  
In joy and mirth they spent the day.



### The free drinking Britons.

**Y**E true honest Britons, who love your own land,  
Whose sires were so brave, so victorious and free,  
Who always beat France when they took her in hand,  
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me ;  
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.  
*Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good cheer,  
The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;  
Your wine-tipping, dram-sipping fellows retreat,  
But your been-drinking Britons can never be beat.  
But your, &c.*

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,  
They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd fruit ;  
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,  
Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

*Let us sing, &c.*

Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with  
our poles,  
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthorn-  
jaws ring ;  
But your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls  
Who will shed their last drop for their country and  
king.

*Let us sing, &c.*

Dumbarton

Dumbarton drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,  
 When they mind me of my Johnny—O :  
     How happy am I,  
     When my foldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blisses his Annie—O !  
 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me—O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O ;  
     While guarded in his arms,  
     I'll fear no war's alarms ;  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er-fright me—O.

My love is a handsome laddie—O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish, nor gaudy—O :  
     Tho' commissions are dear,  
     Yet I'll buy him one this year,  
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O.  
 A foldier has honour and bravery—O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O.  
     He minds no other thing  
     But the ladies, or the king ;  
 For ev'ry other care is but slavery—O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O :  
 Farewell all my friends, and my daddy—O :  
     I'll wait no more at home,  
     But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O :  
 They are sprightly, like my dear Johnny—O :  
     How happy shall I be,  
     When on my foldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !

## Ettrick Banks.

**O**N Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,  
 At glowming, when the sheep drave hame;  
 I met my lass, braw and tight,  
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :  
 My heart grew light, I ran, I sang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kiss'd and clapt her there su' lang;  
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lass, will you go  
 To the Highland-hills, the Erse to learn ?  
 I'll baith gi' thee a cow and ew,  
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.  
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law ;  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night, when ye sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring ;  
 And thus the weary night we'll end,  
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring:  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,  
 And lead you to my simmer shield.  
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That maks' the kindly hearts their sport;  
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short.

## The jovial beggar.

**T**HERE was a jovial beggar, he had a wooden leg,  
 Was lame from his cradle, and forced for to beg;  
*And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go, we'll go,  
 An' a begging we will go.*

A bag for my oat-meal, another for my rye;  
 A little bottle by side, to drink when I am dry.  
*And a begging, &c.*

A bag for my beef, and another for my salt;  
 A little pair of crutches, to show how I can halt.  
*And a begging, &c.*

A bag for my bread, and another for my cheese;  
 A little dog to follow me, and gather what I leese.  
*And a begging, &c.*

Seven years I served my good old Master Wild;  
 And seven years I begged, when I was but a child.  
*And a begging, &c.*

I had the pretty knack for to whinge and to cry;  
 By the young, and by the old, much pity'd then was I.  
*And a begging, &c.*

Fatherless and motherless, was always my complaint,  
 And none that ever saw me, but took me for a saint.  
*And a begging, &c.*

I begged for my master, and got him store of pelf;  
 But Jove now be praised I do beg for myself.  
*And a begging, &c.*

To Pimlico's we'll go, where we will merry be,  
 With ev'ry man a can in's hand, and wench upon his  
 knee.

*And a begging, &c.*  
 When



When we are thus disposed, we tumble on the grass,  
With a long patched-coat, for to hide a bonny lass.

*And a begging, &c.*

I live within a hollow tree, and there I pay no rent;  
And Providence provides for me, and I am well content.

*And a begging, &c.*

I fear no plots against me, but live in open cell :-  
Then who would be a king, when a beggar lives so well :

*And a begging, &c.*

### The Jolly Beggar.

**T**HERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he  
was bound,

And he took up his quarters into a land'art town.

*And we'll no more a roving, a roving in the night :*

*We'll go no more a roving, boys, let the moon shine  
ne'er so bright.*

*And we'll go no more a roving.*

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,  
But in a hint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' guid clean  
strae and hay,

And in a hint the ha' door, there the beggar lay.

*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

Up caise the goodman's doughter, for to bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar-man standin' i' the floor.

*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,  
O hooly! hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our Goodman.  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he  
spake  
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me  
true;  
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

They'll rive a' my meal-pocks, and do me meikle wrang,  
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

Then she took up the meal-pocks, and flang them o'er  
the wa';  
Crying, De'il gae wi' the meal-pocks, my maidenhead  
and a'.  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

I took you for some gentleman, at least the laird o'  
Brodie:  
O dool for the doing o't! are you the poor body?  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,  
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the noo  
fee.  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud  
and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty belted knights came riding  
o'er the hill.  
*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

Then he took out a little knife, let a' his duddies fa',  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amo'  
them a'.

*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

The beggar was a clever lown, and he lap shoulder  
height,

O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

*And we'll go no more a roving, &c.*

The humble Beggar.

**I**N Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,  
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,  
But he was weel liked by ilka body,  
And they ga'e him funkets to rax his wame.

A nivelf o' meal, and handfow o' groats,  
A dad o' bannock, or herring-brie,  
Could parradge, or thr' lickings o' plates,  
Wad mak' him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,  
The feint a bit o' pride had he;  
He wad a ta'en his a'ns in a bikker,  
Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hing,  
In as good order as wallets cou'd be;  
A lang kail gooly hand down by his side,  
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happened ill, and it happened warse,  
It happened sae that he did die,  
And wha do ye think was at his late wake,  
But lads and lasses o' high degree.

Some were blyth, and some were sad,  
And some they play'd at blind Harrie;  
But suddenly up-started the carle,  
I redd ye, good folks, tak' tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,  
You kimmer, and how do ye?  
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,  
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,  
E'en far frae the companie;  
But when they were gaun to lay him i' th' yird,  
The seint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,  
He dunted on the kist, the broads did flie;  
And when they were gaun to pit him i' the yird,  
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'am unco cauld;  
Fu' fast ran the sock, and fu' fast ran he;  
But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,  
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

### The charms of a Bottle.

**Y**E mortals, whom trouble and sorrow attend,  
Whose life is a series of pain without end,  
For ever depriv'd of Hope's all-cheering ray,  
Nor know what it is to be happy a day,

*Obeys then the summons, the bottle invites;  
Drink deep, and I'll warrant it sets you to rights.*

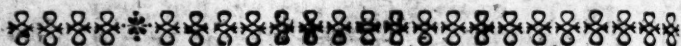
Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,  
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,  
Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,  
Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape-shot.



Was each dull pedantical text-spinning vicar,  
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,  
O how would he wish for that power divine,  
To change, when he would, simple water to wine.

If wine then can miracle, work such as these,  
And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease,  
Despair not that blessing in Bacchus to find,  
Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.

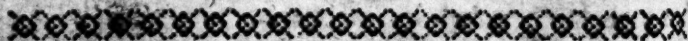
*Obeys then the summons, &c.*



**L**ET the tempest of war be heard from afar,  
With trumpets and cannons alarms;  
Let the brave, if they will, by their valour and skill,  
Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe and retire, is what I desire,  
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;  
For in them I obtain true peace, without pain,  
And the lasting enjoyment of rest.

In some cottage or cell, like a shepherd to dwell,  
From all interruption at ease;  
In a peaceable life, to be blest with a wife,  
Who will study her husband to please.



**V**OWS of love should ever bind  
Men, who are to honour true;  
They must have a savage mind  
Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and hated may they be  
Who from constancy do swerve;  
So may ev'ry nymph agree  
All such faithless swains to serve.

*A favourite two-part Song.*

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat,  
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,  
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.  
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon reply'd;  
"You may have forgot—you were drunk when you  
"dy'd."

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid,  
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?  
Lead an innocent astray?  
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;  
And shou'd you my faith deceive,  
Ruin first, and then forsake,  
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

I love you for that.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,  
I met with young Phebe, who lives at the mill;  
My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,  
For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,  
And swore the next morning I'd make her a bride;  
In anger she said, get out of my sight,  
And go to your Phillis you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you mean,  
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen;  
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at.  
O! can't you! she cry'd; well, I love you for that.

Say, did not you meet her last night on this spot?  
O Colin! O Colin! you can't have forgot;  
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;  
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dear Phebe, believe,  
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;  
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,  
And sure, my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come, then, she cry'd, if you mean to be  
kind,  
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind.  
Transported, I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,  
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

### The Country Wedding.

**C**OME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye  
neighbours,  
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;  
Forget all your sorrows, your cares, and your la-  
bours,  
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.  
Come, come, one and all,  
Attend to my call,

And

And revel in pleasures that never can cloy;  
 Come see  
 Rural felicity,  
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.  
 Come see, &c.

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,  
 Still crowd to, and bias the breasts of the great;  
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,  
 But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.  
 We boast of no wealth,  
 But contentment and health,  
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.  
 Come see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure;  
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;  
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,  
 For fatal excess but enslaves the free soul.  
 Come, come, at our bidding,  
 To this happy wedding,  
 No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy.  
 Come see, &c.



THE shepherd Adonis being weary with sport,  
 He, for a retirement, to the woods did resort;  
 He threw by his club, and he laid himself down;  
 He envy'd no monarch, nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn, and he ate frae the tree;  
 Himself he enjoy'd, and frae trouble was free:  
 He wish'd for no nymph, tho' ever sae fair,  
 He'd nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

But, as he lay thus, in an ev'ning sae clear,  
 A heav'nly sweet voice sounded fast in his ear,

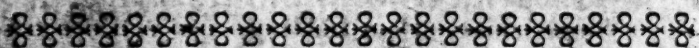


Which came from a shadow green neighbouring grove,  
Where bonny Amynta sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way, and found wha was there,  
He was quite confounded to see her sae fair;  
He stood like a statue, not a foot could he move,  
Nor knew he what griev'd him, but fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him, with a kind modest  
grace,  
Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his face;  
With blushing a little she to him did say,  
O shepherd, what want you, how came you this way?

His spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,  
I was ne'er sae surpriz'd at the sight of a maid;  
Until I beheld thee frae love I was free,  
But now I'm ta'en captive, my dearest, by thee.



### Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune, beguiling,  
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;  
Sweet was its blessing, and kind its careffing,  
But now it's fled, fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,  
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;  
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air per-  
fuming,  
But now they are wither'd, and weeded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempests roaring before the mid-day;  
I've seen Tweed's silver stream shining in sunny beams,  
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

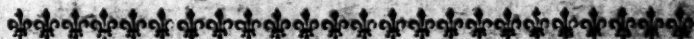
O fickle Fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?  
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?  
 Nae mair your smiles can chear me, nae mair your  
 frowns can fear me,  
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



*Same Tune.*

**A**DIEU, ye streams that smoothly glide  
 Thro' mazy windings o'er the plain ;  
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,  
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.  
 Flower of the forest was my love,  
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale ;  
 Gentle and constant as the dove,  
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,  
 For me he search'd the banks around ;  
 But, ah ! the sad and fatal day,  
 My love, the pride of swains was drown'd.  
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,  
 Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove ;  
 Dire Fancy paints him in my dream,  
 Awake I mourn my hopeless love.



*A new Song on Masonry.*

*Tune, Shakespeare's Mulberry-tree.*

**Y**E sons of fair science, impatient to learn  
 What's meant by a mason, you here may discern :  
 He strengthens the weak, gives light to the blind,  
 The naked he clothes,—he's a friend to mankind.

A. B.

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H. B. Book

*All shall yield to masonry ;  
Bend to thee, blest masonry !  
Matchless is he who founded thee !  
And thou, like him, immortal shall be.*

He walks on the Level of honour and truth,  
And spurns the trite passions of folly and youth ;  
The Compass and Square all his frailties reprove,  
And his ultimate object is Brotherly Love.

*All shall yield, &c.*

The Temple of Knowledge he nobly doth raise,  
Supported by Wisdom, and Learning, its base ;  
When rear'd and adorn'd, Strength and Beauty unite,  
And he views the fair structure with conscious delight.

*All shall yield, &c.*

With Fortitude blest'd, he's a stranger to fears,  
And, govern'd by Prudence, he cautiously steers ;  
Till Temperance shews him the port of Content,  
And Justice, unask'd, gives a Sign of consent.

*All shall yield, &c.*

Inspir'd by his feelings, he'll bounty impart,  
For Charity ranges at large in his heart :  
And an indigent Brother, reliev'd from his foes,  
Feels a pleasure inferior to him who bestows.

*All shall yield, &c.*

Thus a Mason I've drawn, and expos'd to your view,  
And Truth must acknowledge the portrait is true.  
Then members become ; let's be Brothers and Friends,  
There's a SECRET remaining will make you amends.

*All shall yield, &c.*

---

**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,  
To horse my brave boys, and away !  
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !  
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;  
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—Huzza !  
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay !  
 How sweet, with a bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day,  
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle Fortune defy ;  
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;  
 Since life is no more than a passage, at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

### The Calm.

*Tune, Gilderoy.*

**A**H me ! how heavy, and how slow  
 Does the dull vessel move !  
 Blow, blow, ye gentle breezes blow,  
 And bear me to my love.  
 Absent from her my soul esteems  
 Above all on earth that's dear,  
 How long each tedious minute seems,  
 That keeps me ling'ring here !

Blow, blow, ye gentle breezes, then,  
 That curl the waving sea ;  
 O blow, and bear me home again,  
 To her so dear to me.  
 Alas ! nor blows the fresh'ning gales,  
 Nor curls the waving sea,  
 Anxious I view the slack'ned sails,  
 My Delia's far from me !

When



When shall we, Delia, meet again?

The thought my bosom warms :

Blow fresher yet, ye breezes, then,

And bear me to her arms.

But tedious tho' my time now move,

Yet when again we meet,

Delia, with smiles, will crown my love,

And make my joy complete.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Braes of Ballenden.

**B**ENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain  
One ev'ning reclio'd to discover his pain ;  
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,  
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow ;  
Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain,  
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,  
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view ;  
Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey,  
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they ;  
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,  
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,  
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;  
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,  
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :  
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;  
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,  
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :  
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;  
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?  
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

Bush

## Bush aboon Traquair.

**H**E A R me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;  
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded never move her.  
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender ;  
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

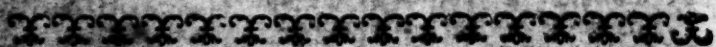
Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented ;  
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?  
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender ;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

## Banks of Forth.

**A**WAKE, my love, with genial ray  
 The sun returning glads the day;  
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,  
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,  
 The trees regain their verdant pride,  
 The turtle woos his tender bride,  
 To love each warbler tunes the song,  
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair!  
 More fragrant than the vernal air!  
 More gentle than the turtle-dove,  
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!  
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,  
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;  
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy;  
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.



To the Tune of the foregoing.

**Y**E Sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,  
 Where sweetly-winding Fortha glides,  
 Conduct me to these banks again,  
 Since there my charming Molly bides.  
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,  
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets;  
 Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,  
 And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,  
 When I, amidst the rural throng,  
 On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,  
 And Molly's charms were all my song.

While

While she was present all were gay,  
 No sorrow did our mirth allay;  
 We sung of pleasure, sung of love,  
 And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happiest swain!  
 No adverse fortune marr'd my joy;  
 The shepherd sigh'd for her in vain,  
 On me she smil'd, to them was coy.  
 O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd:  
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;  
 The beauteous maid my love return'd,  
 And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,  
 Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,  
 It was my happy chance to find  
 The charming Molly lull'd asleep:  
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,  
 I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;  
 She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd,  
 Why, Damon, are you not asham'd?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,  
 Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,  
 Alternately we sung our loves,  
 And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.  
 The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,  
 Love was our banquet all the while:  
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,  
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,  
 To whom we swains our cares impart,  
 Restore me to these bless'd abodes,  
 And ease, oh ease! my love-sick heart;

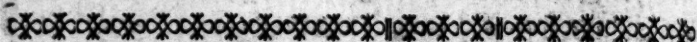
These happy days again restore,  
 When Moll and I shall part no more;

P

When



When she shall fill these longing arms,  
And crown my bliss with all her charms.



### Bonny Earl of Murray.

**Y**E Highlands and ye Lawlands,  
Oh ! where have you been ?  
They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
And they laid him on the green.  
*They have, &c.*

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,  
And wherefore did you sae ?  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbad you him to slay.  
*I bade, &c.*

He was a braw gallant.  
And he rid at the ring :  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh ! he might have been a king.  
*And the, &c.*

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba' :  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower among them a'.  
*And the, &c.*

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the glove :  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh ! he was the queen's love.  
*And the, &c.*

Oh ! lang will his lady  
Look o'er the castle Down,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray,  
Come sounding through the town.

Bonny

## Bonny boatman.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boatman,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man :  
     In haly bands  
     We join'd our hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
     While parents rate  
     A large estate,  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
 To herd the kid and goat—man,  
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends  
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.  
     Wae worth the man  
     Who first began  
 The base ungenerous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views  
     Love's arts to use,  
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Hasten to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom hawse thee.  
     Love gi'es the word,  
     Then hasten on board,  
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,  
     Waft o'er, waft o'er  
     Frae yonder shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty.

**L**EAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty,  
 Leave kindred and friends for me :  
 Assur'd thy servant is steddily  
 To love, to honour, and thee.  
 The gifts of nature and fortune  
 May fly by chance as they came ;  
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,  
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,  
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,  
 That other beauties disproving,  
 I'd worship thine only my dear.  
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter  
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,  
 To share them together is fitter,  
 Than moan asunder like doves.

Oh ! were I but once so blessed,  
 To grasp my love in my arms !  
 By thee to be grasp'd and kiss'd !  
 And live on thy heaven of charms !  
 I'd laugh at Fortune's caprices,  
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove ;  
 Though death shou'd tear me to pieces,  
 I'd die a martyr to love.

Bessy's haggies.

**B**ESSY's beauties shine sae bright,  
 Were her many virtues fewer,  
 She wad ever gie delight,  
 And in transport make me view her.

Bonny

Bonny Bessy, thee alane  
 Love I, naething else about thee;  
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,  
 And langer cannot leave without thee.

Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,  
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd;  
 He who takes her to his arm,  
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.  
 My dear Bessy, when the roses  
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,  
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,  
 Will keep love from growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,  
 Yet her face and soul discovers.  
 These enchanting sweets in plenty  
 Must entice a thousand lovers.  
 It's not money, but a woman  
 Of a temper-kind and easy,  
 That gives happiness uncommon,  
 Petted things can nought but tease ye.

~~~~~  
 Bonniest lass in a' the world.

LOOK where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla ! heavenly charmer ;
 See how with all their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.

But ease, O charmer ! ease my care,

And let my torments move thee :

As thou art fairest of the fair,

So I the dearest love thee

O L D King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he :
Old King Cowl he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in fiddlers three ;
And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,
And a very good fiddler was he.
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three :
And there's no a lass in braid Scotland
Compar'd to our sweet Marjory.

Old King Coul, &c. *See the foregoing verse.*
And they brought him in pipers three :
And every piper, &c.
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers ;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three :
And there's no a lass, &c.

Old King Coul, &c.
And they brought him in harpers three :
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers ;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three ;
And there's no a lass, &c.

Old King Coul, &c.
And they brought him in trumpeters three :
Twara-rang, twara-rang, went the trumpeters ;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers ;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three :
And there's no a lass, &c.

Old

Old King Coul, &c.

And they brought him in drummers three :
 Rub-a-dub, rob-a-dub, went the drummers ;
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, went the trumpeters ;
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;
 Ha-didel ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers ;
 Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three :
 And there's no a lass, &c.

TH O' my dress and my manners are simple and plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
 I feel no remorse for the follies of youth ;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And, my boys, think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place ;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

WITH the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell,
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert would be
 More pleasing than courts, or a palace to to me.

Let

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems and the vulgar admire ;
 I yield them the blefs where their wifhes are plac'd,
 Infenfible creatures ! 'tis all they can tafte.



SONG for Three Voices.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign;
 Not to follow flocks design'd ;
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 Thou on necks of kings fhalt tread ;
 Joys, encircling joys, fhall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not toils of empire fright,
 Toils of empire pleafure are :
 Thou fhalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the bleffings I beftow,
 Joyfull I'll afcend the fkyes,
 Happy thou fhalt reign below.



The Seafon of Love.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
 His all-chearing beams do Nature reftore ;
 The cowflip and daisy, the violet and rofe,
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance difclofe :

The

The birds cheerful notes are heard in each grove,
All nature confesses the season of love.

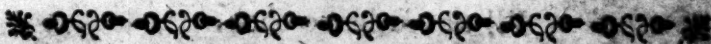
The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping again;
All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;
Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
The face that is honest securely can smile;
The heart that's sincere in affection may prove
All Nature's force in the season of love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us, accuse our delay;
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;
I'll strive for my shepherd the garland to win,
But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.



SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us,
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gain;
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
If you pursue, we fly in vain.



BREATHE soft, ye winds; be calm, ye skies;
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.

The

The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast;
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.



A DAWN of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh! send some cheering ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd;
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms;
 He, eager, springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.



I'll never leave thee.

Johnny.

TH O' for seven years and mair honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee;

For

For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

Nelly.

O Johnny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer,
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

Johnny.

My Nelly, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye :
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted Love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

Nelly.

Then Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye ;
 And gin you prove false, to ye'rsell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns ! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

Johnny.

Bid icefhogles hammer red gads on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy ;
 Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee ;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

Same

Same tune.

ONE day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shou'd leave me:
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that's griev'd thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou mayst believe me,
 I love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish sooth!
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee?
 O! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee,

NANNY

NANNY—O.

W H I L E some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kifs and caress my Nanny—O.
 She bids more fair t'engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did, or Danae—O :
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O !
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the Blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As lang's ye grant me Nanny—O.

C H O R U S.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
 My lovely, charming Nanny—O !
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.*



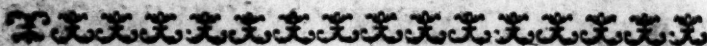
Saw nae my Peggy.

S A W ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Coming o'er the lee !
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
 Every look still warms me;
 Every thought alarms me,
 Lest she love nae me.
 Peggy doth discover
 Nought but charms all over;
 Nature bids me love her.
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
 To become a rover?
 No, I'll ne'er give over,
 'Till I happy be.
 For since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her,
 Cou'd I but obtain her,
 Happy wou'd I be!
 I'll ly down before her,
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 'Till she pity me.



Same tune.

C O M E let's hae mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venns loes nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
 Your mistress, Robie, gies her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

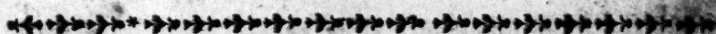
Then

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,

Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never with ane brawer,
If ye bareheaded saw her,
Kiltit to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is;
Come, let's join our glasses,
And refresh our haules,
With a health to thee.

Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking
Gie our cares the lie.



She rose and loot me in.

THE silent night her fables were,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes;
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood a sham'd;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest a man was I:
 And she all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd that ev'ry night
 She'd rise und let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd wi' bairn,
 And sighing fat, and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin;
 She sigh'd, and curst the fatal hour
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part!
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime;
 Thus all was well again,
 And now she thanks the happy time
 She rose and loot me in.

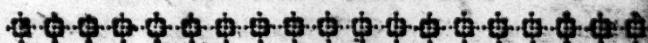
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

The Surprise. *A favourite Scots song.*

THE tither morn, when I, forlorn,
 Beneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na' trow I'd see my jo.
 Beside me 'gain the glowming.
 But he, fu' trig, lap o'er the rig,
 And dawt'ingly did chear me,
 When I, what trest, did least expect,
 To see my laddie near me.

His bonnet he, a thought a-jee,
 Cock'd spruik, when first he clasp'd me ;
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me,
 De'il tak the war, I, late and air,
 Ha'e wish'd, since Jock departed ;
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
 As shortsyne broken hearted.

Fu' aft, at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
 When a', were blyth and merry,
 I car'dna' by, sae sad was I,
 In absence o' my deary.
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest;
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny ;
 At kirk and fair, I'll be there,
 And be as canty's ony.



The Sailor's Farewell.

Written by Capt. Thomson, and set by Mr Fisher.

THE topsail shivers in the wind;
 The ship she casts to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind;
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're sail'd;
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Cupid fill'd his sails :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But sailors of the British fleet
 Are lovers, and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

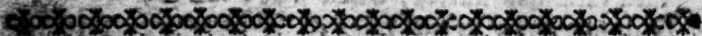
These are our cares ; but, if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'rs of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !



The Sailor's Return.

BE H O L D, from many an hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom returns again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweet hearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.



The Lottery.

A T T E N D me a while, ye adventuring throng,
 Thine my language is plain, yet learn from my song :
 The

The folly of lott'ries I mean to explore :
Then be wise, 'ere too late, and adventure no more.
Toll toll de roll, &c.

Dame fortune's a jilt, that will ever deceive,
And her agents cajole you, and laugh in their sleeve;
They promise great fortune to credulous elves,
But their art is to keep the good luck to themselves.

They'll insure blank or prize, or do just what you
chuse,
But ne'er wonder at this, for 'tis you that must lose ;
If their horses you purchase, 'tis odds but you fail ;
If a *chance*—there's a chance you get nothing at all.

With the hope to get riches be bubbled no more,
But, by prudence, keep want and distress from the
door :

The chance in each lott'ry you then will despise,
And soon find that contentment's a capital prize.



HERE awa'; there awa'; here awa', Willy,
Here awa', there awa', had awa' hame;
Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now have I gotten my Willy again.

Thro' the lang moor I have follow'd my Willy,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', had awa' Willy,
Here awa', there awa', had awa' hame;
Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Uka thing pleases while Willy's at hame.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 And a' his wark's at leisure;
 And ay when he comes hame at een,
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.

O the bonny ploughman lad,

O the bonny ploughman!

Of a' the lads that I do see,

Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring's come on,
 He takes his yoking early;
 And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He goes to fallow cheerly.

O my bonny, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wat and weary;
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed my deary.

O my bonny, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his o'erlay;
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

O my bonny, &c.

Plough you hill, and plough you dale,
 Plough you faugh or fallow,
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health
 Is but a dirty fellow.

Merry butt, and merry ben,

Merry is my ploughman;

Of a' the trades that I do ken,

Commend me to the ploughman.

Same Tune.

THE sailor, he's a valiant lad,
And works in 'midst of dangers ;
He braves the stormy raging sea,
And faces foes and strangers.

O my bonny, &c.

When ship is load, and wind is fair,
Close by the helm he's standing ;
And steer he either east or west,
To a point he makes his landing.

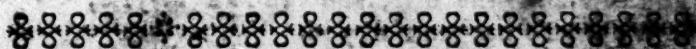
O my bonny, &c.

And when he hame returns again,
He is both blyth and cheery ;
And heartily his money spends,
And kisses his ain deary.

O my bonny, &c.

The sailors wives are merrier far,
Than ever landsmen can be ;
For tho' our husbands smell of tar,
We drink the tea and brandy.

O my bonny, &c.



The Cauldrife Woore.

THERE came a young man to my daddy's door,
My daddy's door, my daddy's door,
There came a young man to my daddy's door,
Came seeking me to woo.

And O but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad ;
And vow but he was a braw young lad,
Came seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came me to woo;
I took him in, and ga'e him a scone
To thaw his frozen mou'

I set him in aside the bink,
And ga'e him bread and ale to drink,
But ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fu'.

Gae get you gone, you cauldrie wooer,
Ye four-looking cauldrie wooer;
I straightway shaw'd him to the door,
Saying, come nae mair to woo.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a duck-dub before the door,
And there he fell, I trow.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town neighbours were gather'd about it,
But there lay he, I trow.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguill'd;
You've faun i' the dirt, and you're a' befyl'd,
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.



92

Song, set to music by Mr Fisher.

LET lords about court boast of stars and of strings,
And the ladies of fashion of feathers and rings ;
Here, look upon Sue, and the rose on her face,
Which beats all the rouge and the Chesterfield grace.

Would

Would the quality gen^l be sold up their wine,
For a tap that is quick, and that's fine;
Such fair linen cheeks would not always prevail,
Were they crimson'd with health, and such liquor as ale.

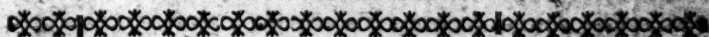
No more of the vineyards of France and of Spain,
Or what the huge Indian rolls o'er the main:
We despise foreign spirits of brandy and rack,
If the brewer gives hop, and sweet Sue gives the smack.

Would the dames of the ton, and their daughters
dress less,
And follow the manners of buxom Queen Bess,
They wou'd ruff their necks, nor look puling and
pale,
Did they rouge up their cheeks with a jug of brown ale.

What does not our small fertile Island produce?
Does the Rhine or the Tagus, pray, yield such a juice?
It is this that enables the soldier and tar
To whirl on the foe all the thunder of war.

Hence, ye Nabobs, to India, with rapine and spoil,
Nor debauch with your wealth the chaste sons of this
soil:

Lads and lasses drink round to the plough and the sail,
Courts are ruin'd by wine, while we're cherish'd by ale.



TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin,
Card it well, card it well
Card it well 'ere you begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is hastens done;
But when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleading for a Queen.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep;
 Bleating sweetly as ye go,
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
 Hart and hynd, and fallow deer,
 No by half so useful are;
 Frae kings to him that ha'ds the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too:
 Harmless creatures, without blame,
 That clead the back, and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm, and hearty fu';
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts, and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer—Mae!
 No such music to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none,
 Not even a monarch on his throne;
 And he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holy-days.
 Who'd be a king can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well;
 Sings sae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

T O M and D O L L Y.

W H E N the kine had giv'n a pail-sell,
 And the ewes came bleating home,
 Doll, who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a-walking with young Tom;
 Hand in hand, Sir, o'er the land, Sir,
 As they walked to and fro,
 Tom made jolly love to Dolly,
 But was answer'd, No, no, no.
 No Tom, no Tom, no Tom, —No.

Faith, says Tom, the time is sitting,
 We can never get the like;
 You can never get from knitting,
 Whilst I'm digging in the dyke;
 Now we're gone too, and alone too,
 No one by to see or know;
 Come, come, Dolly; shall I, shall I?
 Still she answer'd, No, no, no, &c.

Fy upon you men, quoth Dolly,
 In what snares you make us fall;
 You'll reap nothing but the folly,
 But I shall get the devil and all.
 Tom, with sobs, and some dry bobs,
 Cry'd, you're a fool to argue so:
 Come, come, Dolly, &c.

To the tavern then he took her,
 Wide to love's a friend confess;
 By the hand he often shook her,
 And drank bumpers of the best;
 Doll grew warm, and thought no harm,
 Till after a brisk glass or two,
 To what he said, the silly maid
 Could hardly bring out, No, no, &c.

She swore he was the prettiest fellow
In the country or the town.

And began to grow so mellow,

On the couch she laid her down ;

Tom came to her, for to woo her,

Thinking it was time to try,

And something past so kind, at last

Her No was chang'd to I, I, I, &c.

Closely then they join'd their faces,

Lovers, you know what I mean ;

Nor could she hinder his embraces,

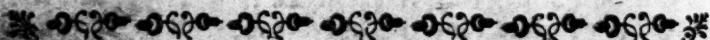
Love had gotten too far in :

Both now lying, panting, dying,

Calms succeed their stormy joy ;

Tom would fain renew't again,

And she consents, with I, I, I, &c.



The banks of the Dce.

Tune, Langolee.

T WAS Summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,

At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ;

Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;

For there I first gain'd the affection and favour

Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;

And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows;

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows :

And

And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

[The following addition to this song was composed
after the death of Sir A. MURRAY of Balmanoë.]

Thus sung the sweet maid on the banks of the river,
And softly re-echoed each neighbouring tree ;
But now all these hopes must vanish forever,
Since Sandy shall ne'er see the banks of the Dee.
On a foreign shore the brave youth lay dying ;
In a foreign grave his corpse are now lying,
While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying
For Sandy, the glory, the pride of the Dee.

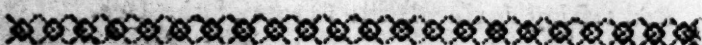
Mishap on the hand by which he was wounded ;
Mishap on the wars that call'd him away
From a circle of friends by which he was surrounded,
Who now weep for Sandy the tedious day.
Ah ! poor hapless maid, that mourns discontented,
The loss of a lover so justly lamented.
By time, only time, can thy griefs be cemented,
And all thy sad hours become chearful and gay.

'Twas honour and brav'ry made him leave thee mourn-
From rebels oppression his country to free. [ing,
He left thee in hopes of quickly returning,
To bliss thee again on the banks of the Dee.
For this he defy'd all dangers and perils ;
For this he espous'd Britannia's quarrels,
That when he return'd encircled with laurels,
Thou might share his fame on the banks of the Dee.

But the Fates, had decreed that his fall should be glorious,

Tho' dreadful the thought must be ever to thee.
He fell like brave Wolf, when the troops were victorious,

And each tender heart must bewail the decree
Yer tho' he be gone, thy once faithful lover ;
And all thy fond schemes of happiness over,
No doubt, he implor'd Heav'n's pity and favour
For her he had left on the banks of the Dee.



Tune, Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'.

HOW happy is he, whoever he be,
That in his lifetime meets one true friend,
Who cordially does sympathize
In words, in actions heart and mind ;
My kind respects do not neglect,
Although my wealth or state be small ;
With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
I beg the Lord be wi' you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
For time invites me for to move :
On your poor servant lay commands,
Who is ambitious of your love.
He, whose pow'r and might, both day and night,
Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
To sun and moon gives course of light,
Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
Your memory I'll not neglect ;
On that record I'll lay arrest,
No change shall ever alter it.
All I desire of earthly bliss,
Is to be freed from guilt or thrall ;
I hope my God will grant me this :
Goodnight, and God be wi' you all.

END OF THE SONGS.

CATCHES AND GLEES.

CATCH I.

'T WAS you Sir, 'twas you, Sir,
 I tell you nothing new, Sir,
 'Twas you that kept from Keppel's wake ;
 'Twas you, Sir Hugh.
 Who, Sir ? — Sir Hugh, Sir,
 Vice Admiral of the Blue, Sir ;
 Bold Windfor twice aloud did call
 To deaf Sir Hugh.

'Twas he, Sir, 'twas he, Sir,
 'Twas he that cou'd not see, Sir ;
 Who thought the day, the day was night ;
 'Twas blind Sir Hugh.
 O ! Sir, O ! O ! Sir,
 And 'was it, was it so, Sir ?
 Who lagg'd a-stern to knot and splice,
 Do you know who ?

'Twas Palliser, 'twas Palliser,
 With dilly, dally, dally, Sir ;
 What splicing, knotting, all the while ;
 Was't so, Sir Hugh.
 Here's a sad dog, Sir,
 To splice his very log, Sir,
 And then accuse brave Keppel, Sir ;
 But that he'll rue.

CHORUS.

And now, Sir, rejoice, Sir,
 With hand, and heart, and voice, Sir ;
 From noble Keppel Frenchmen fly,
 Without Sir Hugh.

CATCH 2.

HARK! the bonny Christ-church bells,
 One, two, three, four, five, six,
 They sound so wond'ry great, so wond'rous sweet,
 And they trowl so merrily, merrily.
 Hark! the first and second bell,
 That every day, at four and ten,
 Cries, Come, come, come, come, come to prayers,
 And the Verger trips before the Dean.
 Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
 To call the bearers home;
 But the ne'er a man will leave his canp,
 Till he hear the mighty Tom.

CATCH 3.

The Introduction of the Bowl. — *For Four Voices.*

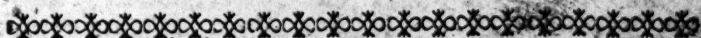
SEE, my boys, the fuming bowl,
 Let jolly bumpers take their round;
 Rapture seize on ev'ry soul,
 'Till loud each cheatful voice resound.
 Pow'r and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
 Joys abound,
 Pleasures found,
 Only where the glass goes round.

CATCH 4.

Written by Mr CLARKE. — *For Three Voices.*

SINCE my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my share,
 In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the fair.
 And

And the man here who envies me most,
 Let him bid me say more, say more, say more to that
 toast,
 For a larger I'll soon, soon change my cup:
 To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable up.

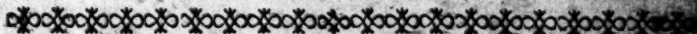


CATCH 5.

The Toast. *Written by Mr Cunningham.*

For Three Voices.

GIVE the toast, my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away:
 Here's the King——take your bumpers, my brave
 British souls,
 Who guards your fair freedom should crown your
 full bowls.
 Let him live——long and happy——see Lewis brought
 down;
 And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

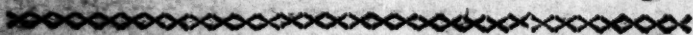


CATCH 6.

For Three Voices.

JACK thou'rt a toper, Jack thou'rt a toper,
 Let's have t'other quart;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 ring.
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a shame to part.
 None but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold,
 Bully'd

Bully'd by his wife for coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming late, fears a domestic strife,
 I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you, so are
 you too,
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Tho' watchmen cry, Past two o'clock.



CATCH 7.

For Three Voices.

COME, honest friends, and jovial boys,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow me, and sing this catch,
 And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
 And sing this catch merry, merrily.
 Jovial boys and honest friends, follow, &c.
 Honest friends, come, follow me,
 Jovial boys, come follow, follow me,
 And sing this catch, &c.



GLEE 1.

For three voices.

A hoghead was offer'd to Bacchus his shrine,
 The god was offended because 'twas white-wine;
 Then curst in a passion, damn't, rot it, and mar it,
 Didst ever know Bacchus drink other than claret;
 So the jolly red god having empty'd the white-wine,
 Return'd the poor vot'ry the hoghead to sh—e in.

GLEE

GLEE 2.

For three voices.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.



GLEE 3.

For four voices.

LET the bells now ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses trip and play;
Let the cup go about, until it be out,
Our learned Vicar we'll stay.

Let the pig turn round, hey merrily, hey,
And then the fat goose shall swim;
For verily, verily, verily, hey,
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-doodle-do,
Aloud cock-a-doodle shall crow;
The duck, and the drake, shall swim in a lake,
Of onions and claret below.

We'll labour and toil, to fertile the soil
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to the plough, and get children enough,
And thou shalt be learned, O Vicar.

TOASTS

TOASTS. AND SENTIMENTS.

MA Y we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity

May virtue be always amply rewarded.

May candor and honesty always be our governing principles.

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May virtue always prove victorious.

May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship, also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

May we be incorruptible by interest, and uninfluenced by power.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

As Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal without servility; and as citizens, free without faction.

Sensibility without inequality, and passions without vehemence.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candor and benevolence.

May our virtues be rather the effects of religion than the gifts of nature.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, or governed by interest.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.
 May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their behaviour.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we never praise any man to undo him.

May we never destroy any person's credit to establish our own.

May we never set our friend to sale, or our conscience to hire.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May Providence unite the hearts that love.

May honour and honesty always triumph over vanity and hypocrisy.

More friends, and less need of them.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May an honest heart never feel distress.

May our life, spent in acts of virtue, be finished by death, seasoned with tranquillity, and followed by a memory full of honour.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

May mirth and good fellowship be always in fashion.

May he that made the devil take us all.

Perpetual spring to friendship, youth, and love.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.

May they never want who have a spirit to spend.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate in Scotland, never have any share in the government of it.

A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to all the enemies of Scotland.

Success to the fair sex in all their undertakings.
 Good luck till we're tir'd of it.
 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
 Delicate pleasure to susceptible minds.
 May the single be married, and the married happy.
 Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
 Every man his right, and every rogue a halter.
 All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy.
 Health and success to the bucks of Edinburgh.
 May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
 May the wings of extravagancy be clipp'd by the
 scissars of œconomy.
 May our endeavours be always successful when engaged
 under the banner of justice.
 May we never speak to deceive, or listen to betray.
 The honest north-country smith, who refused to shoe
 for the man who voted against his country.
 Honour and influence to the public-spirited patrons
 of trade.
 Long corns and short shoes to all the enemies of
 Scotland,
 May our representatives, like free masons, be elected
 by ballot.
 May we be always able to distinguish those, who, by
 a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, distinguish
 themselves.
 Liberty, property, and no excise.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 Union, stability, and fidelity among the sons of liberty.
 Success to the lover, honour to the brave,
 Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.
 I, Friend, drink to thee, Friend,
 As this Friend drank to me, Friend ;
 And as this Friend charged me, Friend,
 That I should drink to thee, Friend ;
 I, Friend, charge thee, Friend,
 That thou, Friend, drink to that Friend :
 And no longer that we drink, Friends,
 But all three we shall be, Friends.

Here's a health to all those that love this†,
 Here's a health to all those that love this,
 Here's a health to all those, that love them that love
 those,
 That love those that love them that love this.

May reason be the pilot, where passion blows the gale,
 And prudence the cockswain when love fills the sail.

Life to the man who has courage to lose it,
 And wealth to him who has spirit to use it.

May every day be happier than the past,
 And every hour merrier than the last.

The ruling passion, be what it will,
 The ruling passion governs nature still.

May each married lady preserve her goodman,
 And young ladies get husbands as soon as they can.

The KING.	Frugality without mean-
The QUEEN.	ness.
The ROYAL FAMILY.	Comfort to the distressed.
The friends of govern-	Health and competency.
ment.	May we please and be plea-
Success to the royal navy.	sed.
The land we live in.	Peace and plenty.
Love without fear,	May we always be blest.
And life without care.	With what we like best.
The Land of Cakes.	Corn, horn, wool, and yarn.
All absent friends.	All we wish, and all we
Life, love, and liberty.	want.
Patience in adversity.	Every honest man his own.
Gaiety and innocence.	Health, joy, and mutual love.
Love and friendship.	Provision to the unprovided.
Decent economy.	Love for love.

† Holding a glass in the hand,

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